PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-41

One Dime Will Help Cure Infantile Paralysis

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 14 * No. 4 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA * JANUARY 24, 1941 FIVE CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

OUR MISS FLINCHY DOING FINE AS A BEGINNER

Our Miss Agatha Flinchy, who is understudying Marjorie Warren, made a discovery last week while on the way to THE CYMBAL office to get her check. She found that if you are walking down the east sidewalk on Dolores street you come to a spot about 100 feet north of THE CYMBAL from which you can see Point Lobos!

We checked on this (we have to check on Miss Flinchy for a while yet; she's not so dependable as we'd wish) and we find her correct.

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HAS THE CYMBAL A GRUDGE AGAINST ME? — PIFFLE

THE CYMBAL, as well as other newspapers, gets a comment every now and then: "Has the paper got a grudge against me? It didn't mention me in connection with such and such program."

We know of no greater vanity, no greater egotism than is expressed by such a question and such a statement. It's an assumption by the person so stating it that he or she is so damned important that a newspaper gives deliberate consideration as to whether it will mention his name or not mention it. As a matter of fact, in a news story on, not a criticism of an event, a group of performers on a program, benefit or otherwise, is just a group of names to the newspaper. It no more desires to attach importance to any single one by mentioning his name than it does to attach equal importance to such an one by eliminating his name.

We have neither the time nor the inclination to dwell on personalities to the extent of making them famous by a process of elimination. Inveterately they get such distinction through oversight or error — sometimes purely and simply typographical.

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IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE HAD THIS SECOND GARAGE ON OCEAN AVENUE BEAT

It looks as though we had them beat.

The owners of Block 68, Ocean avenue and Junipero street, who nearly two months ago filed with the city council a request that the property be changed from one business zone to another in order that they might construct a garage and service station, made no appearance at the council meeting Wednesday night of this week.

The law requires a public hearing in the matter and this can be called by the city council only after the applicant has presented to the council a petition signed by more than 50 per cent of the property owners within a radius of 400 feet of the property involved.

There have been four council meetings since the original request was made and the owners of the block have yet failed to file the necessary petition. It was the opinion of the council, as expressed unofficially by some of the members this last Wednesday night, that the petitioners have failed to obtain the sufficient number of signatures on their petition. "It looks as though it died a'bornin'" one councilman said.

However, THE CYMBAL still has its eagle eye on the matter.

(Continued on Page Two)

ONLY ONE RESIDENCE ON A LOT!

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Council Moves To Save Property Values

CITY ATTORNEY IS INSTRUCTED TO PREPARE AMENDMENT TO BUILDING LAW THAT WOULD PREVENT TENEMENT TREND

Carmel's city council is aroused by the tendency on the part of some property owners to take advantage of the law providing for only one family dwelling place on a lot.

They are adhering to the letter of the law, but in the construction of so-called "guest" houses and apartments over garages, they are creating a cheap town aspect in our residence sections and impairing if not actually destroying property values in certain high class districts.

On the suggestion of Councilman Bernard Rowntree the council voted unanimously to instruct City Attorney William L. Hudson to draft an amendment to the building code of the city which would prohibit more than one structure on a 40-foot lot unless the second building be a garage and used solely for that purpose.

The action was taken following discussion of building matters, and was immediately subsequent to action in the matter of the application of Lansing Bailey for a special permit to allow him to construct on property he owns on San Antonio street between Tenth and Eleventh streets a garage which would be only four feet from the property line and a house only 12 feet back from the line.

The council decided to investigate the matter in person yesterday morning and did so. The result was a resolution granting the permit if the garage were built six feet from the line and the house the prescribed 15 feet.

Bailey's request was made because of the deep dip of the land on his property and the necessity for expensive fills to comply with the law.

There was nothing in Bailey's request that prompted the action relative to the amendment to the building law prohibiting only one dwelling place on a lot, but the general nature of the discussion led Rowntree to make his suggestion. He did not refer directly to the LaFrenz building project down on Ocean Avenue, but it was apparent that he had that in mind when he brought the matter up.

The idea is to let the public know the council contemplates such a move and see what the property owners of the city have to say about it. On a query put to him by the council Floyd Adams, building inspector, said that while attempted violations of the one-kitchen-to-a-lot law now in effect were flagrant and of public notice, the percentage of property owners so destroying property values was small. The council expressed itself as believing that the public generally would favor such a safeguard against tenement tendencies.

OTHER MATTERS

The application of Miller Ste-

(Continued on Page Four)

Carmel School District Citizens Will Be Asked To Vote $156,000 To Finish Our High School Plant on the Hill

The voters of the Carmel School District will be asked to go to the polls sometime in March and decide whether or not they want to give their children and their neighbors' children a complete high school plant at the head of the Ocean avenue hill.

It is practically certain that the board of trustees of the district, when they meet for the purpose next Monday afternoon, will vote to present to the citizens of the district the proposal for a $156,000 bond issue which will complete the school plant with the EXCEPTION of The auditorium and the swimming pool.

We have capitalized that exception because a few anti-bond issue people who want to find some quasi-legitimate excuse for voting down the complete high school plant proposal bring up the "frills" argument, and in that category they put the swimming pool and the auditorium.

O. K. The swimming pool and the auditorium are out.

The $156,000 wanted will give us the complete high school plant, and at a cost slightly un-

(Continued on Page Four)

Ruggiero Ricci, Genius of the Violin, In Recital Tonight at Auditorium

When Ruggiero Ricci appears on the stage of Sunset Auditorium tonight it will be the first time he has appeared in concert in his native state in 11 years. Carmel is having him even before San Francisco.

As a boy of nine he astounded the musical world with his playing of the Mendelssohn *Concerto* in New York in 1929. It would not have been an unusual occurrence if his genius that burned so intensely in his youth had burned itself out by the time he attained manhood. But last October in his Carnegie Hall recital he achieved the same spectacular success that had been his 11 years before. When his announced program was finished they refused to let him go. Again and again they cheered, applauded and shouted for more.

Representative of the prevailing sentiment expressed by eminent critics throughout the country is the summary of Glenn Dillard Gunn in the Washington *Herald* on the occasion of Ricci's performance of the Brahms *Concerto* with the National Symphony orchestra . . . "Before he was ten years of age he had the faculty to command the attention of his listeners with the first tone played, and to hold it, and to warm it to sympathy and quicken it to enthusiasm. That power still is his in greater measure, perhaps, than is possessed at the moment by any other virtuoso. The brief decade has brought maturity, has confirmed an artistic instinct that always was right and true in its impulse, and has ripened a superb recreative talent until even the grave and enduring beauties of the Brams *Concerto* lies easily within his musical and emotional grasp."

Tonight he will play the *Passacaglia* of Handel-Thomson;

(Continued on Page Two)

Sylvia Lent, Great American Violinist, Carmel Music Society's Second Artist Of Its Fourteenth Annual Series

The Carmel Music Society presents the second artist of its Fourteenth Annual Series Saturday evening, February 8, Sylvia Lent, the distinguished American violinist, has been chosen as one of the outstanding exponents of the art of her instrument, and the program offered by this young American leaves nothing to be desired in taste or satisfying command of the resources of the violin.

The program will include the *Concerto in A Major*, Mozart; *Sonata in D Minor*, Brahms; *The Maid and the Nightingale*, Granade; *Pantomime*, De Falla; *Fire Dance*, De Falla; *The Fountain of Arethusa*, Szymanowski; *Polomaise in A*, Wieniwski. Elizabeth Alexander will be at the piano.

Sylvia Lent has appeared as soloist with every major symphony in the United States and in Canada, including three times with the Chicago and Detroit, four times with the San Francisco, and many times with the Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Washington.

Seats for this major Carmel Music Society concert may be obtained by telephoning Mrs. Paul Flanders, Carmel 22, or at the Music Society headquarters, at Thoburns, beginning January 27.

SPOEHR HOME IS BOUGHT BY BURROWS AND THEN BY WORK

One of the most important residential realty sales in several years was negotiated the past week when Mr. and Mrs. Carl Burrows became the owners of the beautiful home property of Dr. Herman Spoehr in Eighty Acres. With the house itself went the entire block of land. It is reported that the deal involved a sum in excess of $28,000. The sale was made through Philip Wilson, Jr.

The Burrows did not retain ownership of the property very long, however, as a re-sale of the house and most of the property to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Work, Jr., has also been recorded.

Dr. and Mrs. Spoehr purchased the property and built their home there more than 15 years ago when Dr. Spoehr came to Carmel as assistant director of the Coastal Laboratory of the Carnegie Institute. During his stay here he completed his book on "Photosynthesis." Dr. Spoehr is now chairman of the division of plant biology of the Carnegie Institution at Stanford University.

Mrs. Spoehr, who was graduated from Smith College, took a deep interest in educational and civic affairs and made many warm friends while in Carmel.

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PLAY BY BERTA METZGER ON ADULT SCHOOL RADIO PROGRAM WEDNESDAY

Radio class of the Carmel Adult School will be heard next Wednesday evening at 8:30 on KDON in an original play by Berta Metzger. Those taking part in the play are: Mrs. Smith Midkiff, James Southwell, F. O. Robbins and Pat Crichton. Sound effects are by Sylvia Meter Gordon. Lucian Scott is the instructor of this popular course, and he plans to have the class keep on with actual production of original plays.

The protesting petitions, printed in THE CYMBAL have been coming in every day, and names are daily being signed to the petitions which THE CYMBAL has circulated against the plan.

We are now asking that those who have those petitions bring them into THE CYMBAL office. They will be filed, together with the petitions which have been clipped from the paper and sent in, and we will be ready if and when the owners of the block make a move.

If we think we should have additional names on our opposing petitions there will be ample time to circulate them again after the proponents file their list of supporting property owners, if they get it. At least 15 days will have to elapse between the filing of their petition and the holding of a public hearing.

—W.K.B.

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TELFER TO READ PLAY, 'GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE'

Ronald Telfer will read "George Washington Slept Here," a Kaufman and Hart comedy, at the American Legion clubhouse tomorrow evening.

The Telfer readings are sponsored by the Legion Auxiliary and proceeds aid the welfare work which is the constant care of this groupfl Tickets may be bought at the door.

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Mr. and Mrs. John L. Nye, now of Prescott, Ariz., were visiting old friends in Carmel the last week, but probably came up here principally to see how their bright boy, Bill, looks in an army uniform. Bill is now with Company C. 53rd Infantry, at Fort Ord.

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Oiled highway in good condition extends from Red Bluff via State Route 36 through Mineral to Susanville, reports the California State Automobile Association. U. S. 395 follows with good oiled road through Doyle to Reno.

Here Are Some More Dogs You Might Want

Dogs of all species and vintages in search of new homes peer out from behind the fence at the Animal Shelter this week—dogs who have all had good homes but whose masters have had to give them up for various reasons. That is, all except a six months old thoroughbred Beagle hound, picked up in Carmel with no identification, who is a friendly little pup and looks to have a very good family tree behind him.

Also along the good family line there is a kind-looking thoroughbred Springer 'spaniel with a rich, curly brown and white coat who belonged to someone for six years and had to be reluctantly given up the other day. (The Shelter has pedigree papers on this dog). There is also a well-bred police dog about four years old, sleek and trim with black and biscuit colored markings who finds himself in the same predicament of having to be given up and in need of another home.

Those of less aristocratic ancestors are—a young and cheerful little dog who appears to be a member of the wire haired terrier family; a little Scottie; a small lonesome soft haired black and white female with possibly distant claim to the cocker clan, who remains aloof from her rougher male playmates; *Peanut*, a young dog with golden eyes filled with the joy of life; and a cheerful tan dog with the airedale brand appearing to be the most prominent ingredient in him.

The boarders at the Animal Shelter described last week have all found homes and this is a new batch of friendly dogs who are wishing that they may soon find themselves once more equipped with masters, hoping to fare as well as their predecessors of last week.

—E.H.

To Market---To Market...

Half the women in dress shops have traipsed off to market in the southland this week. Southern California Market Week started last Saturday. So while Carmel wallows in the rain, shop-keepers look at loads and loads of spring cottons, silks and synthetics with an eye on the suitable thing for Monterey Peninsula wear.

Mrs. Helen Dean of the Cinderella Shop left here on the opening day of Market Week, and Ann Michels, who is in charge during Mrs. Dean's absence says that she won't be home before Monday. Dorris Mahin is helping Ann Michels carry on this week.

Anna Katz, accompanied by her son Martin, left last Sunday for Los Angeles. We fear that she has been completely overcome by what she is seeing down there because Evelyn Anderson, in her shop, thought Mrs. Katz would be back by Wednesday. It will be interesting to see the spring clothes which Anna has taken so much time to choose.

Mrs. Louise Gribben of The Country Shop will wait for the San Francisco Market Week February 3 because she and her sister, Julia Parks, have already done extensive buying accompanied on buying trips by Helene Vye, who is their predecessor.

Vanity Fair, like The Country Shop, bought early this year. Eva Loubens explains that much of her merchandise comes from New York and so must be ordered earlier to be here in time for the season. She will attend Market Week in San Francisco. Mabel Graham, who is her assistant, will be aided by Amanda Torrant while Eva Loubens is away.

The Irene Lucien pardners, Edith Smythe and Maude Jenkinson spent three days this week on a buying trip in Los Angeles. They are most enthusiastic about the All-American clothes and were so interested in the showing of clothes that they didn't want to leave. We got a lot of low-down on the trends from Edith Smythe. Louise Streeter looked after the Irene Lucien interests while its owners were away.

Good news drifts back from the style shows. The war in Europe has not affected the quality or beauty of American materials and styles. In fact, judging from the few we have seen which have arrived early in the shops, clothes are more beautiful this year than they have ever been.

It is quite true that the clothes for every new season, be it fall or spring, always are more exciting than the last. In the fall, women love rich autumn colors and woolly textures and in the spring dark colors are depressing and we clamor for crisp cottons and linens or delicately gay printed silk jerseys. But honestly the clothes are more beautiful this spring than they have ever been before.

Some of the printed materials swing back to the Van Gogh period of five years ago, flower prints, with yellows predominating, all in pure singing colors. Then there are the lovely subdued pastel prints in packable materials for resort and travel wear.

But we started this only to tell about the travels of Carmel women. W.K.B. is a pretty smart fellow and will be sure that we have an eye for future advertising if we go too far with descriptive matter. Take our word for it until you see them for yourself. The new clothes are a knockout.

—P.M.

Ricci in Recital Here Tonight

(Continued from Page One)

the *Concerto in D Minor, Opus 22* of Wieniawski, and, following the intermission, *Prelude* by Em. Moor; *Nocturne* by Chopin-Milstein; *Burlesca* by Suk; *Caprice* by Paganini, and *Gypsy Airs* by Sarasate.

His accompanist will be the eminent pianist, Carl Fuerstner, who appeared at the piano when Luigi Silva gave his memorable cello recital last fall.

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Major Gives a Dinner; One of Our Troupers Almost Smashes It

A formal-informal bachelor dinner, given last week by Major Ross Mahon of the Engineer's office at Fort Ord, took on amazing proportions before the evening was through. The Major, who in private life in Berkeley is known as "Tub" Mahon, all but met his Waterloo.

He had invited Lt. Col. A. C. Barron, of the 250th C.A.C. from Camp McQuaide, Capt. Sam Dows of the same outfit, assistant engineer 13th Engineers at Ft. Ord, Capt. W. T. Day, assistant engineer of the 3rd Corps, and as joint hosts had Major P. S. Jones, and Capt. A. A. Dessler, from the engineers office at Ord.

Everything was seemingly in order. The dinner, cooked by Steve Patterson, and prepared as only our Steve can do it, was ready to be served, when the Major—"Tub"—let a bit of local hired help in to bring on the food.

The Major, being new to these parts, had taken his landlady's advice and hired a local paisano to do the serving. Unfortunately for the host, his help was entirely ignorant of the niceties of serving as well as the order of rank and despite his apologies and protestations the food came on in everything except proper order of procedure.

At the ent of the evening it was disclosed that the host had not been served anything to eat because the waitress had eaten his dinner. She helped run up a fine cleaning bill for the Carmel Cleaners; she boldly asked for collar decorations from the Lt. Col; she sat down at the table and related the sad story of her poor father who was crippled in the last war; she reminded the Major that he was going to pay her six dollars and five cents or else for her four and a half hours' work.

And was the Major sweating blood. Between trying to explain to his guests that he didn't know how it happened, and refraining from throwing the waitress out of the house he lost about ten pounds.

BUT—was his face red when he found out, just before his guests left, that said waitress was one of the Gold Coast Troupers and that the rib had been arranged.

If the Army stays in Carmel long enough—they'll learn.

—E. F.

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CARMEL VALLEY GIRL HAS POEMS IN NEW ANTHOLOGY

Three poems of Evelyn Dewhirst, daughter of Mrs. Ida V. Dewhirst, principal of Carmelo School, Carmel Valley, have been chosen to be published in the volume "Poets of America, 1940." This is a rare honor striven for my more than 12,000 poets this year, of which only a few were rewarded by acceptance.

At present Miss Dewhirst is living in Oakland.

The Jay Sees

NEWS OF SALINAS JUNIOR COLLEGE

This is the week that all good grey hairs come to the rescue of innocent temples, when newly-lifted faces sag, when senses of humor are lost in a treacherous morass of anticipation, and youth is no longer at the height of gaiety, but in the sunken garden of desperation . . . yes, *this* is Final Week.

At this time, the only way in which students survive the throes of education, is to think of something pleasant, preferably, vacation. However, there are other things to relieve the tortured minds of Joe and Jane College. For instance, last Sunday, Jan. 19, Joyce Whitcomb and Noel Van Bibber, along with others of the Vagabond Club, trekked to San Jose to try their hand (ha!) at ice skating. Just as a point of interest, the Vagabond Club was first started for out-of-state students, but the organization became so popular that other "Vags" were admitted. Amongst doing other things of note, they elected Joyce secretary.

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Four Carmel boys last Thursday, dug the jam out of their horns and took on a definitely classical air for a J.C. band concert. These musical Dr. Jekylls were Clayton Askew, trumpet; Frank Ross, trumpet; Fred McIndoe, trombone and Charles Hamm, clarinet.

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The Allied Arts program is over and all who were fortunate enough to see it, are remarking about the high degree of professionalism that was shown in the work of the participants. Kathryn Hamm, and Gail Johnson were outstanding in the modern dancing put to the music of well known nursery rhymes, "There was a Little Girl," and "Hickory Dickory Dock."

—K. H. and D. O.

COUNTY MAY HELP US OUT ON FOOTPATHS

Footpaths for Carmel Woods and Carmel Point are promised by Supervisor A. B. Jacobsen who notified the Carmel Business Association this week that a county-sponsored WPA project is afoot in the matter. The Carmel organization recently suggested to the city council that it would be awfully nice if the city put a footpath along San Carlos street and Camino Del Monte to the city limits and then suggested to the supervisors that they might like to join up with the city's path, if and when. So, the letter from the chairman of the board of supervisors.

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NO POISON WAS FOUND IN SADE LATHAM CASE

That's probably settled. According to experts along that line, there was no evidence of poison in the vital organs of Sade Latham's body. Mrs. Latham died suddenly November 17 shortly after arriving at her home in Carmel Woods from her place of business on Ocean avenue. It was at first reported that traces of arsenic had been found in her stomach. J. A. Cornett, coroner of Monterey county, announces an inquest sometime next week to close the case.

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THE COUNTRY SHOP

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CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

Presents

SYLVIA LENT
AMERICAN VIOLINIST

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8 at 8:30
SUNSET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Tickets on sale at THOBURNS, 11 to 5 daily, beginning Feb. 27—Telephone 62 or 22
75c, $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, tax exempt

Radiana Pazmor Sings Monday At Del Monte

Radiana Pazmor, San Francisco contralto and well-known to Carmel audiences, will appear in concert Monday evening, Jan. 27, at the Copper Cup Room in Hotel Del Monte. She is being presented by the Monterey Peninsula Musical Art Club.

Playing her own piano accompaniments and speaking briefly to her audience of the songs and composers, Miss Pazmor will give the following program: *To lo sai* by Torelli; *Se florindo e fedele* by Scarlatti; *Dove Sei* by Handel and *La Vieille* by Blangini. Her second group will include *Im Abendrot* by Schubert; *Elfenlied* by Wolf; *Die Mainacht* by Brahms and *Von Ewiger Liebe* by Brahms.

The third group will contain *L'Exile* of Bouval; *Chanson des Noisettes* of Dupont; *C'est l'extase langoureuse* and *Chevaux de bois* of Debussy. The fourth and last group contains *At Night* by Grechaninoff; *The Greatest Man* by Ives; and *Ave Maria* and *The Weathercock and the Maiden* by Pasmore.

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Doris Watson Memorial Library Dedication Wednesday, Jan. 29

Dedication of the Doris Watson Memorial Library at Carmel High School will take place at 8:30 p.m. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at the high school, and in recognition of the late Mrs. Watson's outstanding contribution towards the development of the high school from a vision to a reality, the following program will be held:

Carmel High School string ensemble will play *Prayer from Stradella* by Flotow, and *All Through the Night* an Old Welsh air; the A Capella Choir will sing two selections, *Give Thy People Praise* by Haydn, and *Gloria Patri* by Palestrini. Mrs. Louis Levinson will present the tribute to the memory of Mrs. Watson, and Mrs. Millard Klein will make the presentation of the plaque which has been carved by Gordon Newell and which has been set into the wall of the library. Capt. Shelburn Robison will accept the plaque and formally dedicate the library.

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OUR NEW POLICEMAN YOUNG, HANDSOME AND UNMARRIED

To whom it may concern — principally feminine:

Rex Pursell, newly-appointed member of the Carmel Police Department, is young, handsome and free of all incumbrances, such as, for instance, wives. He hasn't even one.

He was appointed to the force by official action of the city council Wednesday night on the recommendation of Chief of Police Roy Fraties. Pursell is a Visalia man and comes naturally by policing. His father, Harry A. Pursell, is an inspector of police in Visalia and his sister, Bea Pursell, is a member of the staff of the probation office in Tulare county. He is a graduate of the San Jose State college police school, the same source that produced our recently resigned chief of police, Robert Walton; Policeman John Van Epps, who recently resigned to become a deputy sheriff, and Policeman F. Livingstone Hay, still on the force.

When we were talking with Chief Fraties yesterday over the telephone about the appointment we remarked that he and Wermuth and Overhulse were the only policemen in the department now, the others being graduates of the police school. We thought it was funny. Roy didn't. Maybe it wasn't.

Our Mary Garrans Burton Is 95 Years Old Tuesday

Next Tuesday will be Mrs. Mary Garrans Burton's 95th birthday—95 years ago it was that she was born in Port Hope, Ontario, and she doesn't think that she has done anything to warrant special attention except to outlive her time. But we disagree for we got a new lease on life just by paying a visit to Auntie Burton, as she is affectionately called by her many friends. Sitting by her window looking with bright little blue eyes out at the storm-bent pines, stroking her big, handsome cat *Marcus Aurelius*, she chatted enthusiastically about first one thing and than another and we marvelled that this alert and very muchalive little person, with the gay-colored scarf around her shoulders, has lived for almost a century while advanced age has failed to leave any of its usual marks upon her mind and outlook and ideals. For her active mind and her sense of humor have saved her from living only in the days of the past, a fate to which so many older people must resort, and with an unlimited amount of faith and hope in her heart she looks optimistically towards the future outcome of the world even in this time of stress.

No, age has passed Auntie by practically unnoticed and she spends her days busy keeping abreast of progress and current events, writing to her friends all over the world, and thanking her lucky stars that she is living at such a nice place with the Clarks in Carmel—giggling when she tells how she first came here to make a one-month visit and ended up by staying here ten years.

And next Tuesday, Jan. 28, Auntie will as usual be feted by friends and members of her family at a birthday party. When the matter of birthdays was brought up she mentioned how at one of her birthday celebrations several years ago she was caught in the process of cutting her cake by someone who asked how could Auntie explain the old adage that "the good die young." This one stopped her at first, but after a minute she quipped back with "Those who ain't wanted in heaven

Ain't wanted on earth."

—ELIZABETH HOUGHTON

Plenty of Excitement Is Offered At British War Relief Benefit At Monterey Bowl Today

A large silver bowl, a leather golf bag, a diamond pin, crystal candlesticks, free horseback rides or an ebony cigarette holder—any one of these or any of the other 75 magnificent prizes, might be yours for only $1 at the British War Relief Benefit being held today at the Monterey Bowl where you can stay and bowl from noon until way past midnight if the spirit so moves you. And you don't even have to order to carry home one of the many valuable prizes being offered, for in addition to the prizes which will be presented to the winners of the bowling matches and the portable radio which is to go at 10 cents a throw, four very fine door prizes will be given away.

Eddie Anderson, manager, has thrown wide open the doors of the Bowl exclusively for the benefit which will have complete charge of the establishment from noon until the hour where no one cares to bowl any longer. Each game (or line) will cost 25 cents and Anderson is contributing 40 per cent of all his proceeds to the cause—the cause being a desire to raise $550 which will be sent to England to maintain a bed and a year's hospital care for one wounded RAF flier. Above this bed there will be placed a plaque, "Donated by Monterey Peninsula."

All bowlers, beginners and champs alike, will be eligible for a prize, since the participants will be arranged in classes according to their experience. Even those, therefore, who have never laid a hand on a ball before will have just as much change as any of the more talented bowlers. At 11 o'clock mixed teams consisting of two of the top women bowlers and two of the top men bowlers will stage an exhibition match.

Mrs. Eric Tyrrell-Martin, Mrs. Allen Griffin, Mrs. Leo Bardin and Mrs. Ray Brownell, the committee chairmen, promise that even if you don't bowl there will be lots of excitement going on. And either as an active participant or as a spectator, your dollar will be well spent. Even if you don't go home with the blue Wedgewood vase or the 32-piece dinner service, you're sure to go home satisfied with your afternoon's or evening's entertainment.

Plaintiffs Seem To Be on Top in Sanitary Suit

It appears that the plaintiffs in the suit against the Carmel Sanitary District to invalidate assessments levied on their property to the extent of $6,500 are still winning in the lower, or Superior Court. The case was submitted to Judge H. G. Jorgenson Tuesday, but final arguments are to be submitted in briefs by the attorneys for both sides. The *Peninsula Herald* epitomizes as follows what seems clear in the case:

1. The plaintiff property owners had won their major point and the court will probably find that the original assessments were invalid and must be cancelled. The effect of this will be to save them some $6,500.

2. Still at issue, and to be ruled upon by the court after briefs have been studied, was the question of whether the sanitary board shall be permitted to levy new assessments against the property, to collect the $6,500.

Andre Nisson, president of the Peninsula Men's Chorus for fun and a putter-on of roofs that don't leak as a job, got married last week. He and Julia Prudhom, a resident of Carmel for the last eight months, took a motor trip down the state until they came to the Mexican line. They crossed over as just—well, friends. They came back married and, according to Nisson, so far just as friendly. They will make their home in the Nisson house at San Carlos and Tenth.

The Westons' Book

"California & the West"

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SPENCER'S HOUSE OF CARDS

On Ocean Avenue

Writer of World News at Forum Next Tuesday

By spring the world war drama will probably include the Far East in full degree, according to Edna Lee Booker, Far Eastern correspondent for nation-wide news service, author of "News is My Job" and many magazine articles.

Miss Booker comes to Carmel Tuesday, Jan. 28, to address the Carmel Forum at Sunset Auditorium at 8 p.m. Her subject will be "Our Stake in the Far East."

This experienced political observer and writer spent the summer and fall of 1940 in China reporting for American newspapers the rapidly changing conditions in the Orient.

One of the most threatening developments that she noted was that Japan is getting "more and more openly anti-American."

In describing her annual vacation jaunt to a little seaside resort in North China which is now under Japanese domination, Miss Booker wrote:

"We were met on the jetty by Japanese soldiers with drawn bayonets and police dogs, mangy and made fierce by treatment. We were a handful of American and British women, with our children and their amahs or nurses."

"Every day we had to watch Chinese being impressed into service by the Japanese invaders. We saw them toiling up a steep hill, carrying great boulders to build a Japanese Shinto temple. A Japanese soldier prods them on. It is like living in the days of the Pharaohs and it is a terrible thing to be seeing at first hand a people enslaved."

Besides her correspondence for American newspapers, Miss Booker is currently engaged in the writing of a new book, which will be published under the title "China So-o Happy." It will be based upon her recent experiences in China and more especially with the Japanese invasion.

Miss Booker has just returned from China this month for a lecture tour which will take her from coast to coast. Her lecture in Carmel will be one of the tour.

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Red Cross Institute Opens in Monterey February 24

The American Red Cross Institute will be held in Monterey February 24 to 28. It is primarily for workers to co-ordinate service to army personnel and to plan for national defense efforts. The chapters adjacent to military posts are holding these institutes throughout the state. The ones interested in the Monterey conference are those of Monterey, Pacific Grove, Carmel, Watsonville and Salinas. A. L. Schaefer of the Pacific area staff of the Red Cross will conduct the institute in Monterey.

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MISSIONARY SOCIETY TO MEET TUESDAY

The Carmel Missionary Society will meet at 2:30 Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 28, at the Church of the Wayfarer.

Mrs. Harriet B. Clark will speak on "Our Migrant Problem" and all who might be interested are welcome to come. Tea will be served following Mrs. Clark's lecture.

\+ + +

AN OMISSSION

We're indeed very sorry that in our list last week of donors to the Humane Society we omitted probably the most important one from the standpoint of continued and sincere support — Mrs. John Cocke.

JANUARY SALES

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ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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ENTERED AS 2ND-CLASS MATTER AT THE P.O. AT CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, UNDER THE ACT OF CONGRESS, MARCH 3, 1879

W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

THE CYMBAL IS ON SALE AT DEL MONTE HOTEL; MC KAY'S NEWSSTAND, MONTEREY, AND THE GROVE PHARMACY, PACIFIC GROVE.

Carmel Tides

Jan	LOW		HIGH	
24	1:13a	2.2	7:33a	5.6
	2:38p	-0.6	9:24p	4.1
25	2:08a	2.2	8:24a	5.6
	3:22p	-0.7	10:09a	4.3
26	2:57a	2.2	9:11a	5.6
	4:04p	-0.7	10:50p	4.4
27	3:47a	2.1	9:56a	5.4
	4:41p	-0.6	11:29p	4.5
28	4:33a	2.1	10:38a	5.2
	5:17p	-0.5		
	HIGH		LOW	
29	0:08a	4.5	5:18a	2.0
	11:21a	4.9	5:52p	-0.1
30	0:46a	4.5	6:05a	1.9
	12:04p	4.5	6:27p	0.3
31	1:22a	4.5	6:55a	1.9
	12:50p	4.1	7:02p	0.6

DOG DAYS --- AND NIGHTS

By JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Jessie Joan Beatrice Fairfax Brown
Carmel Cymbal,

Dear Miss Brown,

You have helped so many others, I am coming to you for advice. You see, my hound-dog Suzy does not love me any more.

Realization dawned upon me slowly. Suzy's eyes used to follow my every move with admiration. Even when I was wrong, I was right, in Suzy's eyes. Then, one day, she looked at me as if I were a spoiled fish. I thought it just another phase of the distemper I had lovingly nursed her through.

The next sign came one afternoon, when I had prepared a special tid-bit for her delectation. She only sniffed at it and turned away. I thought at the time she probably had visited some particularly appetizing garbage pail. Now I know my rival must have been feeding her nightingale's tongues!

Then, one awful night I never can forget, she didn't come home! When I built Suzy a private entrance to her warmed dog's bedroom, my wife said it was "like giving a latch-key to a baby." I laughted then. Now I know that she was right!

Things went from bad to worse. At first Suzy stayed away only a night or two a week; now she seldom sleeps at home. About three every afternoon she appears for food, which I dispense with soft words; after which I massage her spine and manipulate her long houndish ears. But my carresses no longer seem to bring her delight. A far-away look comes into her eyes. She whines at the door; but not for conventional reasons. When it is opened, out she bolts and takes off down the hill. A thousand "Here Suzies", "Nice Suzy Dogs" cannot turn her from her fixed course. We do not see her again until three, next day.

I suppose I could follow her, Miss Brown, discover who is alienating her affections, and imitate my rival's methods. But pride forbids. Like the wife losing her husband's affections, who blindly denies the truth, even to herself; or like the husband who knows his wife's affections have been fastened upon another, but sulks and does nothing, I am impotent.

You know dogs, dear Miss Brown. Can't you recommend some little trick by which I can win Suzy back?

Hopefully,
ZENAS L. POTTER.

Carmel, Jan. 12.

P.S.—I have a doctor's certificate stating that no boy dog is involved.

+

Dear Mr. Potter:

In all my experience with capricious canines I have never run across one quite like your *Suzy*. Hers is a very strange case indeed. What could possibly be so fascinating to lure her away from a home as nice as hers?

The only think I can thing of (as long as it isn't one of those dashing Army fellows) is that *Suzy* is a little bored with being a "home-girl" and, inspired by the things you and Mrs. Potter are always doing, has decided to carve herself out a career of some sort, too. This younger generation is so unpredictable!

But perhaps one of my readers can think of a more practical reason and a practical remedy for it. I'll try to find out. In the meantime, we'll keep our fingers crossed and hope that this is just a passing fancy of *Suzy's*.

Also hopefully,
—J. J. B. F. B.

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How about it, gentle reader, why do you think Suzy plays truant? Can you think of some logical (or illogical) explanation for her mysterious behavior, or some way to lure her back home? If so, please write right away to Jessie Joan Brown.

Dog Days and Nights,
% The Cymbal.

and maybe among us we can help Mr. Potter win back his Suzy.

+ + +

MRS. LLOYD TEVIS' MOTHER DIES

Mrs. Margaret Eyre Girvin, mother of Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and well known both in San Francisco and Carmel, died last Thursday evening. Funeral services were held at Trinity Church in San Francisco Saturday, and burial took place at Cypress Lawn.

Mrs. Girvin was the widow of Donald Girvin, San Francisco grain broker. She was one of the founders of the Town and Country Club of that City. Her parents were the late Col. and Mrs. Edward Engle Eyre of Atherton.

Besides a daughter, Mrs. Tevis of Carmel; a son, Richard Girvin, of Redwood City, survives her, as well as five grandchildren — Helen, Robert and Murray Girvin, and Lloyd, Jr., and Dick Tevis.

+ + +

CYMBAL WANT ADS go places, see people and do things—to 'em.

At Random

Bitsie Boasts

"The back of my paw to your logic,"
Purred Bitsie, the Siamese cat;
"Though I can't tell conclusion from premise,
"I always know just where I'm at.

"I perfectly estimate distance,
"Though I can't read a yardstick or rule;
"My footwork is nice and much more precise
"Than yours, which was learned in a school.

"I never require equations
"To leap from a roof to a street;
"I'm not griped by doubt, I never bale out,
"And I always land square on my feet."

—EDITH FRISBIE

Head of British War Relief To Talk at Del Monte Jan. 31

Mrs. Paul Butler, wife of the British consul general of San Francisco and president of the British War Relief Association of Northern California, is coming to the Monterey Peninsula to deliver an address at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, Jan. 31, in the Copper Cup room of Del Monte.

The general public is invited to hear Mrs. Butler's address on the aims and work of the British War Relief Association. For those wishing to have tea, it will be served at 4:15 in the lounge, for which a charge of 50 cents will be made.

On Friday morning a private meeting with Mrs. Butler will be held for members and workers at 10:30 in the Copper Cup room.

+ + +

Phyllis Smith To Stage Show in Salinas for British War Relief

A group in Salinas, headed by Mrs. H. L. Scott with Phyllis Smith as its general production manager, is planning a benefit for British War Relief which will be on the English Music Hall variety show idea and which is tentatively scheduled for production the last week in March.

Enough talent has been drawn already for three shows, and three shows will probably be given, the first in Salinas, the following ones in other Monterey county cities. Each one will be different. Talent comes not only from the Salinas valley but from the Monterey Peninsula as well.

+ + +

CALL OUT FOR PAINTINGS FOR NEXT EXHIBIT

Artists wishing to have oil paintings in the new February and March show at the Carmel Art Association must have the work they would like to enter at the gallery by 5 p.m. next Friday, Jan. 31.

+ + +

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

LOOK!
Awful Fresh MacFarlane's Candy
In Bulk
29c per lb.
3½ Lbs.—$1.00
Chocolate Creams and Chews
All One Kind or Mixed
FORTIER'S
Cut Rate Drugs
Carmel

School Bond Issue In March for a Complete Plant

(Continued from Page One)

der the estimated $300,0000 which was to have been the cost of the plant in the first place. This was the figure presented to the voters at the last bond issue when it was believed that WPA help to the extent of $165,000 would be forthcoming.

That it was not forthcoming does not in anyway relieve the responsibility of the voters of the Carmel School District in the matter of giving the school children a high school. With flags flying and bands playing we pulled our children out of a complete high school in Monterey and we are bound to give them a complete high school to match what we took away.

The cost of the $156,000 in bonds to the owner of, say, a home assessed at $3,000, will be $1.44 a year. If you are fortunate enough to have an assessed valuation of $5,000, it will cost you $2.41 a year for 20 years; $7,500, $3.62 a year; $10,000, $4.81 a year. How does that figure in relation to giving the children of this community a complete high school education? It's going to take a lot of nerve and considerable shame openly to fight this school bond issue.

And the man or woman who would oppose it because of objection to or lack of faith in the school administration, such as has been manifested by this newspaper on occasion, is nuts also, because we are not building an administration; we are building a school plant. Administrations can wither and die as, sometimes we hope they will, but the Carmel High School plant will endure forever, or nearly forever—or actually forever as far as are concerned the men and women who go to the polls this next March.

We must vote that bond issue and we will.

+ + +

ANOTHER RECORD EVENING AT LIAL'S MONDAY

Margaret Lial will have another of her record evenings next Monday at 8 o'clock. It will be at the Lial Studio above her Monterey music shop on Alvarado street. The brand-new Victor album of de Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain* will be played and discussed as well as the Beethoven *Concerto in D Major*, also new, in which Jascha Heifietz and Toscannini collaborate for the first time in history. Something else, as yet unchosen, will be played as well. These record evenings last for about an hour, are open to the public without charge, and provide a welcome addition to the various opportunities provided for music lovers around this Peninsula.

Council Moves For One House On a Lot

(Continued from Page One)

wart for a loading zone in front of his place on Ocean avenue was denied and that of the Bay Rapid Transit for a bus loading station in front of their proposed new station in the Pine Inn building on Sixth street was put over until the next meeting.

Complaint against the riding of bicycles on the sidewalk in the business section brought from Chief of Police Fraties the statement that the police were planning to ask for a law licensing bicycles in which the annoyance of sidewalk riding could be taken care of.

+ + +

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

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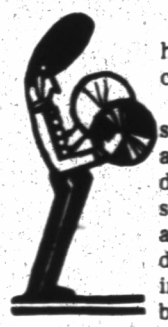
Clanging Cymbals



Sumac and wahoo bush and one clear call for me.

For the conical sumac heads were a clean purple down over the south wall when I awoke that Monday morning, and in the night one basswood leaf had run out of chlorophyll and turned a bland yellow face to my window. I never can tell whether the inside working of things or their outside seemings excite me more. The incessant busyness of nature as she knits and purls and takes out her stitches to begin all over again, vies always in my mind with her wondrous face. All during that warm fall day some force, some deliberate and humorous energy within her would be at work manufacturing sugar in the leaves of the dogwood and the blueberry, the scarlet oak and the shadblow, and when the cold night dropped down the sugar would be trapped and the leaf begin to redden; or the devilish demons who spend their summers cooking up chlorophyll would oversleep or go on strike and the witch-hazel, the larch, the aspen and elm and paper birch and a baker's dozen others would start goldening for the autumn pageant. And the saps go drowsy in the Indian summer sun, and a leaf lie on the grass. And the gentle ecstasy that whispers death run slyly out upon the gossiping wind.

+

Within this ecstasy I awoke staring at the sumac heads and hearing, through the pleasant hang-over of yesterday's exhaustion, the clanging cymbals of today.

Aunt Una was making applesauce, cooking the apples in their skins as all good applesauce should be cooked. She made it of McIntosh Reds from Mother's tree, and it was of an edible color. I could hear Father, who was getting up winter wood way up in the back pasture, speaking Ruby. But when I went out doors there was silence, of New Hampshire. I have often thought I should like to take a blindfold test of the countries I have known. Not by their noises, but by their silences . . . the tiny noises . . . the rhythm of them, the savor. Soft touch of grass upon grass on an Andamanian hillside, the nodding of small Lesbian flowers, the sharp downward wing-movement on the Cornwall coast, a stir in the remote redwood tips at Big Sur, an almost-hound of distance on a prairie. And in the Indian summer at home . . . what is it, that subterranean scratching . . . a woodchuck making ready . . . the earth in immolation for coming frosts . . . the long, distant inaudibility of the thunder that will roll to annouce the year's last supper?

On the fringe of Mother's front garden, the row of peonies have tinted their leaves with quiet, fond old ladies with crimson pasts. I came upon them suddenly, and the long memory of them. How, once upon a time, they stood like royal houseguards, in royal houseguard colors and purpose, to guard Fernside from one of the heartaches that sometimes came creeping upon it and seldom got past the kitchen door. This particular sorrow reached the bulwalk of those scarlet shakos, and slunk down the hill again and out of sight, leaving my mother and my brother and me laughing almost to hysteria on the front porch, and the ghost of Aunt Fanny waving her apron up and down with hilarity.

My, my, how that story fares me back! How it spreads out now, covering a whole way of life, an ancient and happily dying way. The way of a man with a woman when he lay with her casually on a bundling New England night and took her life in toll. Aunt Fanny, bonnetted in lace, aproned in calico, fragile and never dying. . . .

Aunt Fanny's house is just up the road a piece from Fernside and Aunt Fanny is woven into the fabric of Fernside life, a homespn thread of dun colors, with a sudden blob of blood-like red at the end, after Uncle Henry died. I remember her in many little ways, but my chief picture of her is of the way she always walked home with us when we came back from her house, chattering all the way, her hands folded over her belly under her apron, and she gesturing with them, so that her belly seemed to be doing the talking, ejaculating up and down and making visible dashes and quotation marks and exclamation points.

She was a little woman, eager, passionately loving, all stopped up. When she married Uncle Henry, oh years ago, because she *had to*, and then the baby died, something almost died in Aunt Fanny, as if she had been cut proud. Folks said he had married her for her money and we never doubted it, for he didn't do a lick of work from then on. He was a clod, the sort of clod that wears down a fine high-born lady like Aunt Fanny. When we came back to Fernside to live, her heart burst open to four small girls and gave itself in whole to their mother. But it wasn't until after Uncle Henry died that all those things began to happen.

To us, who had no pennies at all for such things—for whom through all these years an orange and a walnut mean Santa Claus—the little bags of candy she kept hidden for us, in the top drawer of one of her priceless highboys or the toe of an old white-footed black stocking, were the pot of gold at the end of the road to Aunt Fanny's house. But she was something much more to me, for etched upon my life in the ineradicable dry point of happiness, is the road from our house to hers. Way, way back, when we first lived there, she was not very well, and when our mother baked she always made a little pan of biscuits or a tin of gingerbread or an extra pie for Aunt Fanny, and it was one of my chores to take them over to her. Her small pot of beans stood in the oven beside our own huge jug every Saturday of our life; it was there on the fateful Saturday when That Woman came, unknown to us, and took Aunt Fanny away.

Have you, by any fortunate chance, some short stretch of a country road so graven upon your heart and mind that back to its running vines and reddening bush and open barways you refer every other road on earth?

Come on, child. Run over to Aunt Fanny's with this pie . . . she likes her apple pies hot, you know. . . .

Ah. . . .

Around the corner of the carriage shed, and you were out of sight of the house. As we grow older our many worlds merge and weld and I suppose that, too, is good. I presume that if someone should take the elm tree in the south pasture, in the dark of night, and exchange it with the catnip by the chicken coop the whole of life would not go tottering about my head today. But the world that hedged the road that led from the corner of our carriage shed to the yellow rosebush on Aunt Fanny's lawn would have been reduced to chaos by the defection of one wild blackberry wine. On golden rollers this world opened up, this so-familiar world, forever new.

Just at the beginning is the old garage. Why, only yesterday while you were carrying the hot pie, there stood the first of Fernside's multitude of oddly assorted automobiles, smelling around with its nickel snout. Only last night when papa and mama came home from the Grange, papa missed the doorway completely and backed right over a darkish place in the stone wall. You could see how it would happen; doors didn't always look just like doors to you either. You were always mixed up as to whether you could go through a tree or what you would run into when space confronted you. That was one reason you loved your father so well. He, too, saw things quite differently than other folks. It was in this very spot one night when you couldn't have been more than eight-or-so, that he had stopped old Johnhorse, bringing you home from a party of some kind, and the sleigh bells had run tinkling out of sound like drops of molten aluminum. He hadn't said anything, and you can recall vividly how he just sat and looked, holding the horsewhip upright and still. The white moon of winter had climbed over the Uncanoonacs and magic of icicle and crusted snow, of dark pine with unearthly burden, of million-diamoneded twig, of still mountain resting against still star, of orange light in the window panes of home, of the warm smell of cattle in the barn nearby and all the sound of things that walked unsounding across the night, had welded you to your father then.

Now the automobile stood as innocent of guilt as if it had never backed right over a wall, the way father's cars always pop up after their sallies into field and stream. Mama hadn't cried out, or anything. She just clutched the side door and trusted papa, for twenty years of it.

Along the wall here, wild raspberries grow and hang heavy, and just across the road the four-leaf clovers are; a truly Scylla and Charybdis of a road. Once you were standing on the rolling stones and lining your stomach and your mouth with ruddiness, when a rock went out from under you and you landed, sitting, where a cow had just preceded you. But the pie was all right. And one other day when the raspberries weren't yet ripe, you had your eyes glued to the clover plants, when mother's pet calf came over the wall and bunted you from behind. You went down with your nose in a whole plant of four-leaf clovers and by the time you had got Fawn back into her pen and picked all the clovers, you only had a dim notion that mama had sent you on an errand to Aunt Fanny's and you went streaking over there, leaving the pie in the ditch. When you got back to it, it wasn't so hot and it had one of the biggest grasshoppers you'd ever seen right in the middle of it, and a streak of brown. But no one ever knew the difference.

In the clump of white birches at the left just as the road dips down to the run, a little old lady lived, You were never anybody for fairies. In fact, there was never any need for creatures of fancy in your make-up because all the *things* in the world were alive, were like people. And it wasn't really a little old lady who lived in the birches, but only the birches themselves who nodded their dust caps and waved their green aprons and spoke to you as you passed. Many years later they turned to lovely young things, their full white bodies thrown lustily out, braiding their golding hair while they wait. But that is Fernside for you, where time runs around in circles and only the road remains the same.

Just here by the butternut tree, it swoops. Down it goes to the willows and for-get-me-nots, to the bull frog and the spring. Then up past the second barway and off around a gentle curve. And here, when you are seven and seventy times seven, the momentous thing happens.

In the safe of the office of the New Hampshire Historical Society in Concord, there is a small folio of inestimable value—the French etchings of the roads of New Hampshire. What can I say of those roads? What of the planes and curvatures that were not made by surveyors in neat puttees, with something they call a transit theodolite to plot a grade or measure an arc? Brancusi and Archipenko will know what I mean, and Harry Dick Ross of Big Sur—the wayward line, the unblueprinted upflung curve, the life and fire that slowgoing gestant cattle wrought into highways for thin-rimmed carriage wheels and the tired feet of horses and of farers by the way. Trees and flying birds, and body of woman, the old roads of New England. And just as you come to the top of the knoll between our house and Aunt Fanny's and your thumb has already made one jagged tear in the pie crust, the road describes a line that walks up into the soul where only the perfectest things can get admission.

—Lynda Sargent

Come in!

Give us Fifty Cents and your distant friend's address. We will mail for you a bit of the tang and flavor of our town.

CARMEL CYMBAL

Annual

The Constant Eater

This week's recipe: Rice Krispies Squares. ¼ lb. butter (no substitutes), 24 marshmallows. Melt together in double boiler, add vanilla and pinch of salt, and beat until thoroughly blended. Empty package of Kellogg's Rice Krispies into a large bowl and pour mixture over it, stirring until well mixed. Put into shallow buttered pan and press down. When cool cut into squares. For variations, add nut meats or coconut. For the chocolate addicts, melt 2 ounces of bitter chocolate and add to marshmallow mixture just before pouring over Rice Krispies; or you can use 4 ounces of semi-sweet chocolate if you prefer. This, as you can see, is a quickly prepared sweet and might come in handy on some last minute emergency.

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The only time it actually rains as hard and as wet as it did Sunday evening is when it rains in a moving picture! That was California rain all right.

Looking at it in what I know is a small, selfish, personal sort of fashion, is seems to me that the rain arrangements here are very satisfactory. Long months when you needn't think of downpours to interfere with plans for outdoor eating or playing—and then, concentrated in a few months, the whole business of soaking the earth taken care of by some really dramatic torrents that are fascinating to watch, even when they sometimes send a shiver of apprehension along your spine. The water pounds down on the roof just over your head in a deafening attack, the boiling floods race down the gutters to the sea, and it's a grand, cosy feeling to be snug and warm indoors looking out! And a comfort to know that Carmel is on a slope—But, as I said, that's the small way of looking at it, whereas — "Poor Bill Askew!" was the editor's chief reaction to this lavish tipping up of nature's watering pot.

Anyhow, we needn't worry about a drought this year, I guess. And that's something, as I learned quite a while ago. Whenever there is a shortage of that all-important precipitation I remember my introduction to the subject.

It was when I first arrived in California about 16 years ago. I landed in southern California early in February — sunshine, roses, violets, and orange blossoms!—It was all so lovely after the murky slushy cold of Philadelphia. I thought it heavenly to see the clear blue sky without a cloud and feel the hot sun as I walked around taking in what were novel sights to me. Lemon trees . . . bougainvillea vines . . . and stores open all across the front! I'd expected lemons and oranges and flowers blooming ing strangely in the middle of winter, but I'd never heard of a shop that had no windows and doors and was open all the time.

I soon found out, however, that the people in this southern town weren't rejoicing in the sunshine as I was. They were worried over the fact that there had been only a few inches of rain so far all winter.

They talked about the weather and the rain to such an extent that I was bewildered, and I admit it now to my shame, amused and secretly a little supercilious. Where I had come from it was considered a sign of conversational vacuum to talk about the weather. We were too busy discussing plays and books and the latest Dorothy Parker wisecrack to condescend to the unsophisticated vagaries of nature. And certainly not one of us bright young intelligentsia, or so we considered ourselves, I suppose, had any idea of what an inch of rain meant or had the vaguest notion that it could be of any importance to anyone.

So it came as a shock to find the friends with whom I stayed in this southern California town apparently obsessed by the subject of rainfall. Not only just rain, but rainfall *in inches!*

When I tried being flip about it, which seemed to me then, fresh from a group whose greatest delight was in frivolous repartee, the normal attitude to take, I was promptly and scathingly squelched. I was told in no uncertain terms that there was nothing funny about it at all. It was, on the contrary a very serious matter. By the time half a dozen people had patiently explained that I didn't understand and that all of California would be ruined if a certain number of inches of rain didn't soon fall, I began to realize that I'd better keep my facetious remarks to myself if I didn't want to get run out of town on a rail.

I find myself sometimes recalling with reminiscent awe those torrents which, accompanied by inky clouds, crashing thunder and dazzling lightning flashes, swept down upon Philadelphia at the end of so many dusty, smotheringly hot summer days. I wonder now why we never thought of them in terms of inches of rainfall. I only know we never did. We were annoyed at the inconvenience of the storm coming just as we wanted to leave the office—but conversationally we ignored the rain as one of life's minor and inevitable unpleasantnesses.

During my first sojourn in California I never quite lost my ignorant Eastern attitude. But now that I am really here to stay, not a mere visitor, I have become just as concerned about the rainfall in inches, just as ready to admit its place in conversation, as any native son or daughter.

—D. C.

+ + +

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

"Truth" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, January 26, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The Golden Text will be: "Thou art near, O Lord; and all thy commandments are truth Concerning thy testimonies, I have known of old that thou hast founded them for ever" (Psalms 119: 151, 152).

+ + +

From Redding to Alturas good oiled surface road extends via U. S. 299 through Fall River Mills and Canby, reports the California State Automobile Association. From Alturas U. S. 395 offers oiled road in fair condition to Lakeview, Oregon.

Youth Part-Time Work Experience Has Office Hours Wednesday

Kemp L. Farley, area director for the National Youth Administration in Monterey, Santa Cruz and San Benito counties, announces that the regular weekly NYA interview schedule for the Monterey Peninsula is being taken over by Herman E. Bateman, area youth Personnel supervisor. Bateman will hold office hours at the State Department of Employment, 266 Pearl street, Monterey, every Wednesday at 1:30 p.m.

Youths between the ages of 18 and 24, inclusive, who are interested in obtaining NYA part-time work-experience, may see Bateman at the above time and place to make application. Farley will continue to make weekly visits to Monterey, Pacific Grove and Carmel in the pursuance of his regular duties of project inspection and supervision.

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CITIZENSHIP COURSES OFFERED IN CARMEL

Courses designed to assist prospective applicants for citizenship have long been a part of the evening high school programs in California. In Carmel such a course is offered on Monday evenings at Sunset School. The instructor, Miss Adelaide Stites, is noted for the excellent preparation and complete success of her students in passing their examinations after completing her courses. Her full time is devoted to work in this field, most of it being given at Monterey, giving her broad experience and exact knowledge of the requirements. Just now a new semester is being started. It is an excellent time for those who desire United States citizenship to begin preparing for it by attending this class.

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ENTHUSIASTS ENTERING PHOTOGRAPHY CONTESTS

Everyone likes to be the winner in a contest. Just now the fad in Carmel is to enter photography contests. The thing has been started by some successful entries sent in by members of Leota Tucker's night school photography class. Now the whole group is intent on assisting its members to produce successful entries in a wide variety of contests open to amateurs. Some excellent work is being done. Being a Carmel Adult School activity the class is open to all who are interested.

+ + +

The Feather River Highway, State Route 24, follows paved road along the scenic Feather River from Oroville to a point near Keddie, reports the California State Automobile Association.

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MICHAEL MANN TO PLAY AT CHURCH OF THE WAYFARER

Michael Thomas Mann will play a violin solo at the morning service of the Church of the Wayfarer next Sunday. His selection will be a movement from *Sonata in D Major* by Nardini. He will also play the violin obligato to *O Saviour, Hear Me,* sung by Grace C. Howden. Jewell Brookshier will present the following organ selections: *Vision* by Rheinberger; *Sarabunde* by Handel; *Prayer* by Reinecke and *Torchlight March* by Clark.

In answer to THE CYMBAL editor of last week, Dr. James E. Crowther will speak on "Where in the World Is God?" The service is at 11 o'clock.

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Sunset Menu

January 27-31

Monday—Clam chowder, carrot-raisin salad, spaghetti with tomato and cheese, string beans, ice cream.

Tuesday—Tomato - rice soup, fruit salad, stew, diced beets, Dutch apple cake.

Wednesday — Cream of celery soup, pineapple - cottage cheese salad, baked beans, artichokes, chocolate bread pudding.

Thursday—Scotch broth, molded fruit salad, hamburgers, carrots, lemon cream tarts.

Friday—Cream of carrot soup, artichoke salad, creamed tuna and noodles, spinach, ice cream.

1941 7th Annual Bach Festival Dates, July 21-27

Date for the Seventh Annual Bach Festival has been set as July 21-27. Gastone Usigli will again conduct. Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, in a conference with the maestro last week, determined upon two "off-nights," the first to be an evening of Music of England, the second, Mozart.

Auditions for soloists are being held in San Francisco and Los Angeles by Usigli, and very shortly a call will go out for the assembling of the Bach Festival Chorus.

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Dolores and Seventh Streets Telephone Carmel 20

SPINDLING IT OFF

Electric Underwear — the latest for U. S. Army fliers. Last week a captain and his crew flew a big four - motored Boeing bomber 1,500 miles through Arctic sub-zero air lanes clad only in their underwear, but there wasn't a shiver or a shake anywhere because heat in the electric undies was supplied by tiny coils which were interwoven in the garments. Proving this last minute style in Arctic clothing to be satisfactory for the U. S. Army fliers. . . . The feminine touch has been quick to creep into even the most mechanical side of the defense program—at an airplane factory in Kansas there are six girls determined to prove that the skilled aircraft labor isn't too much for the so-called gentler sex to master, who have been quick to learn the art of wiring a plane and do the most technical jobs in the electrical department of the plant. Their fingers have been found to be much nimbler than the men who had preceded them. . . . Courses in everyday mechanics appeared more popular than courses in emergency nursing when girls in a New York college registered to take the courses which form part of the training program lately incorporated in the curriculum.

All this and Jascha, too: "Hexapoda—Five Studies in Jitteroptera" entitled, "Gut Bucket Gus," "Jane Shakes Her Hair," "Betty and Harold Close Their Eyes," "Ji Jive," and "One 'Til Dawn Sunday." These are the selections with which Jascha Heifetz, who is very much interested in new types of music, closed his violin concert last Tuesday in San Francisco. . . . The acacia trees with their concentrated clumps of bright gold against a background of gray-green which, in a blaze of blossom, furnish most of the color in Carmel gardens from December till February, are no longer restricted just to this coast—bouquets of "winter sunlight" are wrapped in cellophane and shipped to cities all over the country in refrigerator cars, bringing California into Eastern parlors.

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Rodent Rompings: Rats, too, have an eye for color—in one household socks began slowly and mysteriously to disappear until it was finally discovered that in the basement there were lots of cozy rat nests made from brightly-colored socks. The rats had carefully avoided all plain or dull - looking socks and had chosen only the brilliant red and yellow and greens to make their homes with. . . . An Oklahoma rancher, hoping to raise some pecan trees, planted 50 acres of land with pecan nuts only to find that the local squirrels had had a field day and left him with only his empty fields. . . . An unusual case of some cottontail rabbits who had built a nest 12½ feet up an inclined tree was found accidently by a biological student who was climbing up a willow to photograph a dove's nest. There have been similar discoveries of groundhogs, foxes and other terrestrial animals found in trees, but this is believed to be the first nest of cottontails found at so great a height.

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Since nature sometimes compensates blind persons with an acute sense of hearing, U. S. Army officials are considering a plan for using blind observers at air-raid listening posts during New England air maneuvers. Alec Templeton, blind British pianist, has offered to help if the army decides to make a scientific test to find out whether the hearing of blind persons could be used to advantage during the time of war to detect approaching planes. . . . Mark Shoesmith, 28 - year - old blind sculptor, is just putting the last touches on the head of Lauritz Melchior, tenor of the Metropolitan, which he has been modeling. He started the head last month and has "seen" Mr. Melchoir only twice, but with the aid of a life mask which he had made of his subject the blind artist has achieved an amazing likeness through his sensitive fingers.

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Beachcombers Dream: Going for a walk along the shore and picking up $25,000 worth of ambergris on the shore—as did a Culver City woman — while strolling along Hermosa Beach. Amgergris, a substance produced by sick whales, is very valuable in making perfumes and very rarely found washed ashore in this manner. . . . Years ago whaling was the major American industry, today there is but one whaling station in the United States and this one, located just south of Eureka, Calif., is now a drawing card for tourists who pay admission to see the catch. Whale oil is now used only in expensive face creams and soaps, in tanning leather and as a lubricant for such fine mechanisms as watches. In Japan, however, airplane lubricants are being made out of whale, herring and sardine oils. . . . A positive and permanent means of dog identification, somewhat along the tattooing line, has been thought of by the national bureau of dog identification. In painless operations veterinarians will mark dogs with a large penlike apparatus dipped in ink, if it is a black skinned dog red ink is used, if a light dog he gets black ink. So when a dog strays all the owner has to do is to advertise: "Dog loose, number A782 on right leg."

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Drafted or undrafted men will wear new clothes which will bear a military stamp—Royal Air Force gray-blue in shirts and neck ties, loose-fitting and longer jackets in the khaki colors and even shoes will have a slight regimental flavor. . . . The word "caddy" originated with the British postal system rather than in connection with golf courses and birdies. "Caddies" were used to carry the mails when the first private penny post was established in Scotland and these caddies would carry the mails to different parts of the city. . . . There is about $5,000,000 worth of semi-precious stones lying in the Petrified Forest of Arizona, but it's not liable to go very far as a federal law prohibits the removal of even so much as a small chip. These stones which are found in the petrified wood are mainly carnelian, jasper and onyx which have an average value of about 10 cents a pound.

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Italian Irks: The Italian ministry of popular culture has been asked by Paolo Lorenzino, nephew of Pinocchio's author to use Walt Disney for libel, charging that Disney distorted the Italian character of Pinocchio in the Disney animated movie in such a way that Pinocchio could have easily been mistaken for an American! . . . Although most countries name streets in honor of their statesmen and leaders, there is no street in all of Italy which is named "Via Mussolini" for besides meaning Mussolini street, it also means "Away with Mussolini."

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Eventually someone like the wag mentioned recently in Charles Driscoll's column was bound to turn up: a man who entertained himself dispelling old expressions by such stunts as leading a bull into a china shop in Manhattan, by finding a needle in a haystack, by going to Alaska and selling an ice box to an Eskimo. His latest was taking a cow, which had been completely covered with purple talcum powder, into a dignified New York hotel and introducing it to Gelett Burgess who many years ago wrote: "I never saw a purple cow, I never hope to see one."

—Elizabeth Houghton

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New Books at the Carmel Library

THE INKY WAY. By Alice Hegan. Autobiography of the author of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

SONS OF SINBAD. By Alan Villiers. An account of sailing with the Arabs in the dhows, in the Red Sea, around the coasts of Arabia, and to Zanzibar and Tanganyika; and the life of the shipmasters, the mariners and merchants of Kuwait.

ENGINES OF DEMOCRACY. By Roger Burlingame. Discussion of inventions and their social implications in the America of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, with chapters on photography, radio and electricity. A sequel to the author's March of the Iron Men.

THE MONGOL EMPIRE. By Michael Charol. A history of the rise of the widespread empire of Jenghis Khan and his successors and its final decay. A final chapter deals with Mongolia today—and possibly tomorrow.

JIMMY HARE, NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER. By Cecil Carnes. News through the camera lens since the days of Richard Harding Davis to the present told in an unusually genial manner.

GREEN ENCHANTMENT. By Rosetta Clarkson. A delightful history of gardens, especially herb gardens, and suggestions for modern adaptations from the old gardens.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

Telfer Selects His Cast For Troupers' Show, 'Girl of Golden Gulch'

Ronny Telfer held his first rehearsal with the Troupers of the Gold Coast last Sunday afternoon in the First Theater. "The Girl of Golden Gulch," scheduled for February 13, 14, 15, 16, 21, 22 and 23 has been cast as follows:

Jim Gordon, who struck the trail in '49, George Woolsey; *Julian Gray*, the tenderfoot, Louis Dubin; *Seth Thompson*, Judge of Golden Gulch, Roland Scheffler; *Jake Dalton*, villain, Bill Shepard; *Hank Williams*, bar - keeper, Bob Bratt; *Ned Davis*, stage-driver, Eddie George; *Dennis Mulcahy*, of the Emerald Isle, Whipple Gregerson; *Bud*, Bob McMenamin; *Chip Gordon*, the Angel of Golden Gulch, Louise Welty; *Henrietta Wells*, the new school teacher, Martha Welty; *Bedelia O'Rafferty*, Barbara Stitt.

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Dr. Blanks To Review 'Life With Father' Here February 3

Dr. Anthony F. Blanks, Ph. D., associate professor of public speaking at the University of California, will review Clarence Day's "Life With Father" at the general meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club Monday, Feb. 3. He will do this beautifully, if his discussion of last year on "O. Henry, American" is any criterion.

The meeting will take place at Hotel La Ribera at 2:30 p.m. Tea will be served afterwards.

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WOMAN'S CLUB BRIDGE SECTION MONDAY

The bridge section of the Carmel Woman's Club will meet at 2 o'clock Monday, Jan. 27, at Hotel La Ribera. Mrs. Grant Willis is in charge and all members and friends are invited to this popular section.

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From Sacramento via Auburn and Truckee to Reno U. S. 40 offers good hard-surfaced road, with chains sometimes compulsory during winter months, reports the California State Automobile Association. State highway crews keep this route open for through travel.

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Establishment of a State Forest instead of the proposed State Park in the vicinity of Shasta Dam, has been recommended, according to the Eureka office of the National Automobile Club.

Town Hall Argue Group Maybe Heard a Hot Debate; Maybe Not

Consider now the plight of him who would write of the Carmel Town Hall listening group's meetings. Carmel papers appear on Friday morning. Of necessity copy having to do with Thursday night meetings must be written before the meetings happen, or else be more than a week old. And this Town Hall group is a thriving group that must be reported. So far the predictions which have appeared under the guise of news of the event have been much more often wrong than the proverbial weather man's guesses. First the radio reception, then changes in program topics, then speakers fail to show up as General Hugh Johnson did last week, and the attendance has often been "greater than expected."

If the gods so will it, an old fashioned New England Town meeting will have been held last night, and General Hugh Johnson will appear next week, still discussing the lease-lend proposal. One thing, however, is almost sure. The group will have had a hot discussion of its own immediately after the broadcast. Meetings are at De Loe's, Thursday at 6 p.m.

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CATLIN TO POSE FOR HANSEN LIFE CLASS

White haired, Whitmanesque John Catlin, one-time mayor of Carmel and original owner of the Forge in the Forest, has finally agreed to pose for Armin Hansen and his class in figure painting at the Carmel Art Institute. Hansen has been eager to get Catlin for a model for ages. He will pose daily for the class for two weeks—beret and all.

Newcomers to the Armin Hansen class include F. W. Hoffman, Miss Frances Norman and Charles C. Shepard, Jr., although for Charlie it is a mere matter of returning once more to the fold.

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For the 1941 winter sports season, motorists bound for the Feather River country will have an opportunity to enjoy skiing at the Inskip grounds, which may be reached over hard surfaced road either by way of Chico or Oroville, says the Sacramento office of the National Automobile club.

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CYMBAL WANT ADS go places, see people and do things—to 'em.

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What Carmel Offers in Instruc

It's the beginning of a new year. This is the time for all good men to start a new school term and there is opportunity aplenty in and around Carmel for men—and women and children, too—to begin either the long-desired and longer-delayed study of something cultural, or to take the boy or girl by the hand and lead him or her to drink at the fount of—well, general knowledge, or some particular branch of education that will fill lives, objectively and subjectively, with more of the joy of living through the years.

Carmel is particularly fortunate in its wide range of opportunities for education, not alone in art, but in all lines of academic enlightenment.

Besides a score or more of individual teachers who give small and intimate class instruction, we have the Carmel Art Institute which Kit Whitman founded three years ago and which provides all-year instruction in all branches of the graphic arts. The Institute has on its faculty the finest artists on the Monterey Peninsula.

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The Douglas School
For Girls

This community is particularly fortunate in being the seat of The Douglas School which, with simplicity as its ideal, built its home in 1928 in the heart of the Del Monte forest on the Seventeen-Mile-Drive in Pebble Beach.

Grace Parsons Douglas is the director of this now-famous school. Mrs. Douglas has nothing of the aspect of the English headmistress, but in her school she has inculcated much of the spirit and principle of the English schools which have very little in common with the so-called "Progressive" method of education; that Progressive which is spelled with a capital and quoted.

The only royal road to learning at Douglas School is manifest in its spectacularly-beautiful location and the charm and loveliness of its material structures. For the rest Mrs. Douglas believes in study, in discipline, in training that instills self-assurance and confidence and, more than all that, in training that sticks. The Douglas School faculty has been successfully chosen to further this policy of education.

But as play is part of life and goes hand in hand with work if she who learns is to have the vitality of mind and body Douglas School provides for recreation with facilities rarely enjoyed by a country boarding school. There are horses to ride, golf courses nearby, and the facilities of the Del Monte polo fields, boats, swimming pools and hunting courses are open to the students.

The 1941 semester at Douglas starts February 1.

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Edward G. Kuster
Dramatic Arts

Edward Kuster and the theater in Carmel are an entity and it would be impossible to think of them otherwise. When the Theatre of The Golden Bough burned in 1935 W. K. Bassett wrote in THE CYMBAL "The fire wrote tragedy across something that is, or was, the core of Carmel, and I wonder if the last vestige of the dream of whose who first came here and settled in the pines is not gone with the going of The Golden Bough."

Kuster has never believed in the end of the dream, however, and never will. His aim is the more intelligent cultivation of our growing leisure, bringing together the fine play, the capable actor, the competent technician and the responsive audience.

He opened the Golden Bough Playhouse in San Francisco in 1936, but in 1938 he accepted a position as director and instructor at the Max Reinhardt workshop in Hollywood, returning to Carmel two seasons later to take charge of the Playhouse and to re-establish the School of Theatre which he had carried on for three years before going to Europe in 1927 to study in the German theaters.

Last summer Kuster established the Golden Bough School of the Theater and also presented several productions at the Playhouse, culminating in "Merrily We Roll Along." This coming summer the faculty will be increased and students from the east will be in Carmel to study all phases of theatre at this school.

At present Kuster is coaching a number of individual students and teaching drama in the Carmel Adult school. A tough bout of "flu" has set him back a bit in his plans for further productions this winter, but he will launch into a couple of new productions with the Carmel Stage Guild, which he is directing, as soon as possible.

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Walter Kelsey
The Violin

Walter Kelsey's life, now that he has come to Carmel and settled himself in the lovely moss-stained redwood studio that formerly housed Anne Nash and Dorothy Bassett, is filled with quietude, with time for composing, and time for developing young violinists into maturity, and time for all manner of things that were missing when he was music director for KFRC and NBC in San Francisco. But he can talk of nothing else but Bob Pearson, his 14-year-old violin prodigy, who has been his pupil for the last nine months.

When Bob Pearson and his violin were heard over radio station KDON a couple of months ago listeners refused to believe that it was not a mature person playing. Kelsey is amazed by this Carmel high school boy's understanding of the music he is playing and by the manner in which he interprets it. At present the lad is working on the tremendous Mendelssohn Concerto, an undertaking that might well floor a much older violinist.

Kelsey's pupils are schooled with the idea of firm, traditional understanding of the fiddle. He has his own method of strengthening the shifting of position, strengthening fingers, and making tones sparkle.

Seven members of Buddy Maleville's orchestra, formerly at Del Monte, are continuing the study in harmony they began with him last summer, even though the band is now on tour. They carry on through correspondence.

Walter Kelsey is a composer because he can't help being a composer. His "String Quartet" was played by the San Francisco String Quartet last fall and as soon as the "Woodwind Quintet" upon which he is now working, is finished, they'll possibly add this to their repertoire. Gene Heyes, assistant concert master of the San Francisco Symphony orchestra and first violin in the string quartet, has a very high opinion of Kelsey's compositions. "Woodwind Quintet" is well on its way to being finished, the *Scherzo* movement already begun. He has a way with music, this man, and a way with musicians.

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Anna Grant Dall
The Piano

Since her arrival here less than six months ago Anna Grant Dall, whose success as a pianist and instructor was already well-known by many before she reached Carmel, has been quick to fit into our musical circles and make a niche for herself at her Lincoln street studio. She teaches pupils of all ages, from very young children who can barely reach the pedals to gray-haired adults who wish to begin piano. In addition to beginners she also coaches those who have had previous training and who wish to work up their technic and review their repertoire and conducts classes in musicianship and ensemble playing.

Miss Dall is of the progressive school and brings to her work the most modern ideas in technic and pedagogy feeling that technic should be taught as a means to an end, the aim being to make music and to realize that music, like
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Rachel Morton
The Voice

Rachel Morton . . . it hardly seems possible that she's been one of us only since August, so completely has she become assimilated into the musical life of this Peninsula. And not only that — she's made so many friends! She's that sort of a person—warm, genuine, full of deep-throated laughter. An outgiving woman always, and she *loves people!*

We have not yet heard her in a formal concert of her own but, although no date has yet been set, it is possible that announcement will be made next month of her recital at the Playhouse.

In the meantime, her rich lyric soprano is heard each Sunday morning at the Christian Science Church, and she has sung at informal musicales in private homes, at the Carmel Mission for the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, and for the British War Relief Benefit held a few months ago at Sunset Auditorium. The Musical Art Club has her scheduled to sing on its April program.

Walter Damrosch started Rachel Morton on her career, making possible for her a European scholarship. Jean de Reszké taught her for the three years preceding his death and just before he died witnessed her debut as *Donna Anna* in "Don Giovanni" at the Opera House in Nice. In London Miss Morton sang Wagnerian roles for Sir Thomas Beecham's British National Opera Co., many of which were directed by John Barbirolli, who was then at the beginning of his career. The two were very close friends. When Sir Henry Wood opened his famous Promenade Concerts at Queens' Hall in 1930, Rachel Morton opened with him as soprano soloist.

Returning to America at the suggestion of Walter Damrosch, Miss Morton was soloist with the New York Symphony orchestra, and also, for two years, was the only soprano to sing on the American Radiator Co., Arco Birthday Party program which was a coast-to-coast broadcast over WEAS and which dramatized the lives of various composers.

+

Ruth Austin
The Dance

Whether it's a three-year-old child whose parents want it to begin early to learn what its body is capable of doing in the way of rhythmic coordination, or a teen-age girl with a passion for expressing herself in dance movement and doing it well, or an older person who is wise enough to realize that keeping one's body limber, muscles strong and flexible, and possible let-downs in the old "down with the buttocks and up with the pelvis" formula for correct posture prodded into consciousness again—the answer is always the same — "let's take from Ruth Austin."

The Austin Studio is at the rear of the Byington Ford house on the Mission Tract. It has huge windows looking out across the green lawn and the garden to the sea. In the late afternoon these windows serve as mirrors, and when you tire of looking *at* your reflection you look *through* it at the sunset. There is a fireplace in the room with a Barbara Stevenson mural over it.

All of Ruth Austin's pupils work in their bare feet and wear uniforms. The youngest ones wear maroon leotards; the advanced class wears black, which is as it should be because they do a lot of modern stuff; the exercise class which meets from 5:45 p.m. until 6:30, (a time chosen for non-conflict with dinner dates and later-on activities) chose cadet blue for their color. A leotard is a one-piece garment of jersey. It has long sleeves, buttons high at the neck, and fits you like your own epidermis. They make you feel very professional indeed.

The long room has double bars on two sides. Bar work is practiced in all classes. There's nothing like it for stretching leg muscles too long lain dormant, and for developing balance which is indeed an illusive and precarious thing. For music there are two pianos. Susan Ellen Duvall and Jewell Brookshier are the official pianists. For some routines Miss Austin uses percussion instruments.

It's all fun—AND hard work —but what's work if it's fun?

+

Malcolm Moulder
French

It must be fun to study French with Malcolm Moulder he's such a nice person. He and his wife came to Carmel last spring after having lived in France for years. They came home on the *S. S. Washington's* last trip the October before. Moulder's job in Paris having blown up, a return to their own country seemed indicated. The job was a nice one—selling advertising to the luxury trade of Paris for *Vogue* Magazine, picking up a bit of advertising for England's *Tatler* and *Sketch*, and traveling around the tourist centers of France with a salary and an expense account because he was still selling people the idea of advertising their business in *Vogue*.

Anyway, *c'est la guerre*, and as long as he speaks French like a blooming native, why not teach it to others.

Most of his French classes are in private homes and one of the most interesting things they do is to read and discuss *Voici*, the monthly magazine published in New York by a group of Frenchmen who have "in" on the latest dope to come out of France and who, for the rest, boil down the best of the news and put their own interpretation upon it. It makes interesting reading — all in French, you understand—and there's nothing that gives you quite such a feeling of superiority as being able to whip out a French phrase with ease at just the right moment.

+

Michael Mann
The Violin

Dark, intense and sensitive Michael Thomas Mann, who came to Carmel with his wife, Grete, less than a year ago to make his home in Phil Nesbitt's house that hangs over the ravine at the far end of Carmel Woods, has accomplished much in the last few months. At first he was content to spend many hours each day at his violin, he and Grete living in quiet seclusion awaiting the arrival of their first child—a son—who was born last August. Now he divides his time between Carmel and San Francisco, going to the city each week to complete his violinistic and soloistic studies under Henri Temianka. More and more he is laying stress upon chamber music work and on developing his teaching ideas.

His addition to the faculty of the violin department of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music came last fall, and he is teaching for them in Carmel,

(Continued on Page Twelve)

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1941 SEMESTER STARTS FEBRUARY 1

Personalities & Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert, taking two days to meander gently along the highways between Carmel and Barstow, met the Santa Fe there last week Wednesday bearing Mrs. Gilbert's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Wiley of New York, out from the cold and bitterness of the east coast to stay in Carmel until the middle of April. For the last four years they have made this trip, and for the last four years the Gilberts have met them in Barstow and have then gone on into Death Valley for a week before driving home to Carmel. Death Valley is at its best this time of year. Although the surrounding peaks were covered with snow, they went swimming in the valley. "Just like Palm Springs" said Mrs. Gilbert, "only better." Mr. and Mrs. Wiley are now living in the Tallman house on Dolores street. They arrived in town Tuesday.

+

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Burgers and their daughter, Mary, who have been living at Colonial Terrace for the last three weeks since their arrival here from Manila, will soon make Carmel their permanent resting spot when they move into *Rock Veneer* the house on Randall Way which Carl Bensberg just finished building and which H. R. Kern sold to them.

The Burgers, who previously spent many years living in the Philippines where Mr. Burger was connected with the sugar industry, are in Yosemite right now and will return to Colonial Terrace next Tuesday. They will stay at the Terrace for a while during the time needed to settle their home.

+

Edith Frisbie is now making her home at the Carmel Inn.

+

Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart (Ella Winter) in Carmel for a day, spent Monday and Tuesday night with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Thea Winter. She stopped by *en route* between San Francisco and her home in Beverly Hills with the idea of digging into some more storage and perhaps unearthing more of the Lincoln Steffens letters that the publishers are at present collecting for publication in book form.

The San Francisco business was the occasion of the 150th Anniversary of the Bill of Rights with a dinner at the Hotel Whitcomb last Saturday evening and Donald Ogden Stewart presiding most brilliantly as master-of-ceremonies. One of his gags about "it's the Bill of Rights, but the Lefts pay for it" brought down the house. Theodore Dreiser was one of the principal speakers, as well as Dalton Trumbo, author of "Johnny Got His Gun" and "The Remarkable Andrew" which is fresh off the press. Among the 600 people who attended this dinner were Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Kocker, Mrs. Thea Winter, Dr. Amelia Gates, and Mrs. Dorothy Erskine who, although a San Franciscan now, we still think of as being of Carmel.

+

A party which Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart gave for Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin last week included among its guests Adrian, the Hollywood dress designer and his wife, Janet Gaynor, Artie Shaw, Irene Lee, story writer for Warner Bros., and Bud Schulberg, son of the producer. It was a gay and charming party, the new Mrs. Flavin contributing no small part to it.

As soon as Stewart finishes with "O Woman's Face," which stars Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt and which is slated for a premiere any day now, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart will be off for the east. They were guests at a dinner last week given by George Cukor for Tallulah Bankhead which was an interesting affair Joan Crawford was among those present and Mrs. Stewart says she's a very swell person indeed.

+

When Loa Lloyd blew into THE CYMBAL office again last Monday morning after we'd said farewell to her for two weekends in succession, Patricia Hawthorne had to be given a powder. It hardly seems logical to suppose that apartments are as difficult to find in San Francisco as Loa would have us believe. She doesn't realize it, but she's just not in the mood. All she wants is to have someone convince her that Carmel is the place where she should live and have her being. In the meantime, she is living at the Mission Ranch Club and this department refuses to incriminate itself further by saying for how long.

+

Miss Moyca Newell of Bedford Hills, N. Y., who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Roosevelt at Big Sur for a few weeks this winter, was at La Playa for a few days this week while the Roosevelts were in San Francisco.

+

Ruggiero Ricci and Carl Fuerstner will make La Playa their headquarters while they are in Carmel for the Ricci violin concert tonight.

+

William Hyde Irwin, a damn good painter and an active member of the Carmel Art Association, who is forced by present circumstances to edit the Santa Cruz *Rip-Tide*, will arrive in town some time today to remain for the week-end. He'll go to the Ricci concert tonight, has been invited to attend the reception at the art gallery following it, and will drive back to Santa Cruz Sunday with some of his pictures that he hopes will hang in the Santa Cruz Art League show.

+

Col. and Mrs. Leslie Jensen of Carmel Point have been entertaining four guests from the south who arrived last Sunday and left Wednesday; they were Mrs. David Davis, Mrs. Edwin Twitchell, Miss Constance Sawyer and Mrs. G. E. Miller. Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Twitchell were friends of Mrs. Byington Ford years ago in Hollywood when homes of their own and husbands to go with them were but nebulous dreams in the far off future. The re-union called for reminiscing made possible Tuesday afternoon at the cocktail hour at the Byington Ford house attended by Mrs. Jensen and all her guests. Remaining for dinner, however, were Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Twitchell.

+

Paul Whitman will be one of the judges for the Santa Cruz Art League annual show which goes up February 2 in the Civic Auditorium. Paul will drive up Sunday for the judging.

+

Mrs. John R. Stratton (Landess Cottle) has returned to her home in Compton after spending the last two weeks in Carmel as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frances Cottle Johnson.

+

Tirey Ford will be moving all his photographic equipment out of his Mission Tract studio this week-end. The place belongs to Del Monte Properties now. Tirey having turned it over to them some weeks ago in a deal involving the sale of property connected with his aviation project. All the elaborate cameras, lights, screens and laboratory equipment that represents one of the most complete and up-to-the-minute set-ups in the country, will be in San Francisco in the new studio that Tirey is building in the old Byington home on Post street. The old house is being completely re-modeled, with Betty Horst and her dance studio established on the ground floor, the photographic business on the main floor, and small studios for artists eventually ready for occupancy above that. And there will also be a penthouse apartment on the roof. Pretty swell, huh?

+

Kit Whitman drove to Santa Cruz Wednesday with two Ritchels, two Tevises, two Catlins, a Curtis and a Levick in the back of her car. We're talking about paintings, in case you're confused. They're going up in the Santa Cruz Civic Auditorium — or will go up if the judges so decree—when the Santa Cruz Art League Annual show opens February 2 to remain for two weeks. Kit said that when she brought the pictures into the auditorium it looked like old home week because Willie Watts and Laura Maxwell were bringing pictures in at the same time.

At the Soroptimist luncheon and at the Business and Professional Women's Club dinner that night Kit spoke, mainly about the art institute, about the art situation in Carmel and of the mutual advantage to be gained when the various towns push one another's shows.

Kit will be leaving Carmel tomorrow morning for Santa Cruz to remain until after her Ricci concert there January 30. She speaks at noon before the University Women's Club. Our Kit is certainly getting herself into things these days.

+

A contingent of 50, representing the male chorus from Fort Ord, will be at the Ricci concert tonight, as well as the entire Del Monte Chapel choir.

+

Staying with Dr. and Mrs. W. H. McCabe for a month are Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hoffman of Guerneville. As a director of the State Prune Growers' Association and with a ranch of his own to look after, Hoffman farms six days a week and paints one. Prunes for the time being forgotten, this month's respite will be devoted entirely to painting, which he is doing mainly in the Armin Hansen class at the Carmel Art Institute years ago — and we mean about 40 of them— Hoffman was a cartoonist, his stuff syndicated from east to west across the continent.

+

Miss Phyllis Barrett of Hollywood arrived at La Playa Monday to join her mother, Mrs. Edna Barrett, of Cleveland, who is wintering here.

+

William "Tops" Frolli, a Carmel lad until a year ago when his family moved to King City, arrived in San Frrancisco last week aboard the freighter on which he has been working for the last three and a half months. The ship has been on the Atlantic coast for most of that time and only just recently returned to the Pacific. His mother, Mrs. Mary Frolli, was in San Francisco to meet him and was going to drive him to King City for a few days if his shore leave would permit it.

+

Dr. and Mrs. Jay Elder of San Jose were guests of Julian de Cordova at La Playa last week-end.

+

Charles Fulkerson, senior at San Jose State College and husband of Jean Crouch Fulkerson, will direct a production of "Naughty Marietta" by the San Jose Light Opera Company tonight and tomorrow night. The leading role will be sung by Lucille Roberts of Pacific Grove, former pupil of Edward C. Hopkins.

+

Julian de Cordova, eminent Lincoln, Massachusetts, philanthropist and connoisseur of art who is a guest at La Playa for the winter months, had as his luncheon guests last Monday Mr. and Mrs. William Ritschel, William Watts, Howard Smith and Robert Emmett O'Brien. Miss Anna Nyren, Mr. de Cordova's niece, assisted him in entertaining the guests.

+ + +

Henry Seward Van Dyke, Jr., who will be remembered for his fine characterization of *George Gibbs* in "Our Town," presented by the Carmel Stage Guild last May, was married last week in Southern California to Barbara Lee Mann of Los Angeles. He is the son of Mrs. Henry Van Dyke of Pebble Beach and Pasadena. His bride is the daughter of the Leland Manns of Los Angeles. She was graduated from the fashionable Marlborough School and later attended Stanford and U.C.L.A. where she was a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority.

+

Mr. and Mrs. John Magee of Pebble Beach are at Arrowhead Springs for a few weeks but will return in time for the annual Hook and Eye Golf Tournament at Cypress Point which opens February 21. They plan to entertain a house party that week-end.

+

Mrs. Selby McCreery of San Francisco, who has taken the W. T. Beatty house at Pebble Beach for the winter, has a number of guests arriving today who will spend the week-end and attend the British War Relief benefit at the Monterey Bowl this afternoon. They are Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Postley, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne, III, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Fay, and they will all make their headquarters at the Cypress Point Club.

Mr. and Mrs. McCreery's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant of San Francisco, will arrive next week to visit with their daughter at Pebble Beach.

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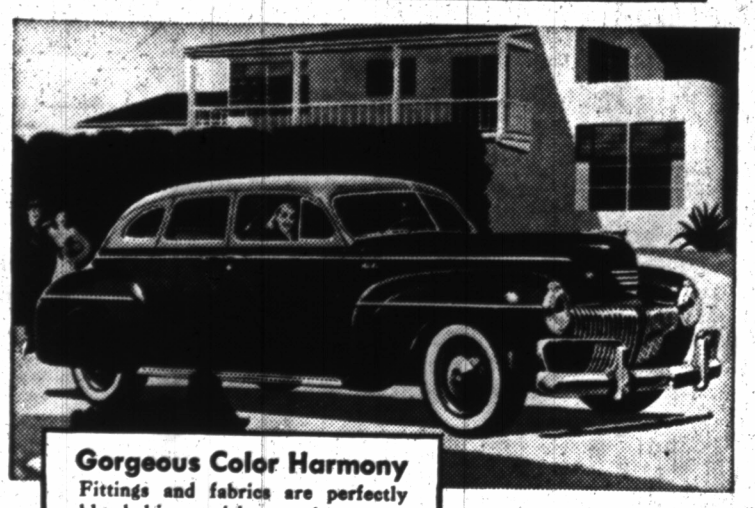

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What on Earth Is God Doing?

from *The Christian Century*

By HENRY H. CRANE

Confronted with such a catastrophe as the contemporary world situation presents, with evil so wildly rampant, destruction and death so widespread and violent, and the threat of the triumph of ruthlessness so imminent, one question keeps coming up to pester and plague religious faith with an incorrigible persistency: With everything seeming to go to pieces, what on earth is *God* doing? Where is he? Doesn't he care? Is he unaware, or unseeing, or impotent to do anything about such a ghastly calamity?

Naturally the irreligious, in the face of such human horror, cynically cite the uncontrolled chaos to vindicate their contention that there is no God, or should there be some semblance of one that he is obviously so weak and incompetent that he does not matter anyhow. But most men are, as Sabatier insisted, "incurably religious." They instinctively, insistently, irrestibly believe in a good God; and Christians certainly profess to believe in a Christlike God. Well then, if the Father of mankind *is* just and kind and omnipotently sovereign, as Christian faith affirms, why should not wickedness be confounded and righteousness succeed?

Apparently the very opposite is taking place. Violence seems to be all too effective. Cold, calculating cruelty achieves its goal of conquest. Might is obviously the final arbiter of right. Japan ravages China; Italy seizes Ethiopia and Albania; Russia rapes Finland and appropriates a large part of Poland; Germany violates her helpless, would-be neutral neighbors. What on earth is *God* doing? Anything?

And with another emphasis the question is being put. What, *on earth*, is God doing? That is, what, if anything, is he doing down here, now, among men? To say that after death God punishes the wicked and rewards the righteous just does not seem to satisfy. There may be truth in the statement; there doubtless is. And it carries no little comfort to the outraged and the suffering. But after all, "pie in the sky when you die" is scant compensation for such excessive starving here on earth. If God is anywhere, he ought to be here, now, doing something about the woe of the world.

What has Christian faith to say to all this? Vastly much, as a matter of fact. And its say has been said not infrequently during these last two thousand years. But mankind for the most part won't listen, for much of it is "a hard saying" difficult to heed. But they that have ears to hear must hear now, for the "very stones" are crying out. Four fundamental facts at least our faith declares — four tremendous truths of exacting ing significance and emancipating power.

I

First of all, God is here, now, sustaining the moral order of the universe, working out the law of the harvest on earth "as it is in heaven," keeping faith with himself and his law-abiding cosmic order. Behold, how the nations of the earth have sinned! Not merely sporadic, impetuous, thoughtless sins have we committed. All of us have studied with meticulous care the various, vicious devices of so-called "justifiable" selfishness, put them into protracted practice, and insisted they were indispensable to survival. We have glorified greed, excused exploitation, ignored all sorts of injustice to others or indulged in it ourselves, sought to sanctify our systems of ruthless competition, and in ways too sickeningly numerous to mention we have completely fulfilled those various conditions which in a universe geared to law must inevitably bring forth awful results. To be sure, in all this we insisted that we "meant well." Our ultimate objectives were noble. The ends we sought were altogether commendable. And we were often sincerely sorry that the means we felt compelled to adopt were obviously reprehensible. But "what else was there to do?" We fought wars to end war and then while prating about peace, we have deliberately prepared for more wars, insisting that what we prepare for we don't get—as though we could sow thistles and reap strawberries!

It is not as though we had never been warned. Time and again, through history, experience, prophetic declarations and science itself, God has pleaded with us to obey his commandments. We have learned the ancient warnings by heart—that is, we say them over unctuously without thinking of taking them seriously. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it." "Woe unto the nation which dealeth treacherously. When thou hast ceased to destroy, thou shalt thyself be destroyed." "Be sure your sin will find you out. God is not mocked; as ye sow, so shall ye also reap."

And now, again, our sins have found *us* out—despite the fact that in many instances *they* have not been found out. Who of us is without fault? We are *all* guilty — some more, perhaps; some less. And the day of reckoning is upon us. The stars in their courses fight against all of us. The Ten Commandments, we discover, are never broken; they are only illustrated. We are getting what we prepared for. We filled the conditions of disaster, and the results are unfailing. God is here, certainly enough, and in a more awful sense than we ever suspected we may sing:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on!

Thus, though many things we have cherished are going to pieces, there is no ultimate disorder! Chaos is upon us, to be sure, in retribution; but that is because justice reigns. Woe and tragedy are all about, because of the inevitable outworking of the law of righteousness which is as inexorable in the spiritual realm as the law of gravitation in the physical. Had all the wickedness of this willful world brought forth peace and prosperity here on this earth, then certainly we could have said that there is no God. But not now. That we cannot sin with impunity, that righteousness still rules, is evidence enough that God is here, now, sustaining the moral order of the universe.

II

All this, however, is but one aspect of the matter. Consider a second fact of momentous significance. God is here, now, suffering. How can it be that the Infinite could know anguish over the suffering of mere humans? But a greater mystery than that confronts us in the central contention of our Christian creed, namely: How can it be that the Infinite could wrap himself in human flesh, come down to this sad, mad earth and dwell among men, sharing their struggles, sufferings and sins? And all this that he might teach them to transform their tragedies into triumphs, and, through his own anguish and apparent defeat, release the redemptive force that must one day save the world. The crucifixion of Christ was the eternal symbol of an enduring fact—that the innocent suffer with the guilty, that the Infinite shares the anguish of the finite.

Studdert Kennedy says it most succinctly in his unforgettable poem "The Suffering God":

How can it be that God can reign in glory,
Calmly content with what His love has done,
Reading unmoved the piteous, shameful story,
All the vile deeds men do beneath the sun.

Are there no tears in the heart of the Eternal?
Is there no pain to pierce the soul of God?
Then must He be a fiend of Hell infernal,
Beating the earth to pieces with His rod.

Father, if He, the Christ, were Thy Revealer,
Truly the First Begotten of the Lord,
Then must Thou be a sufferer and a Healer,
Pierced to the heart by the sorrow of the sword.

Then must it mean, not only that Thy sorrow
Smote Thee that once upon the lonely tree,
But that today, tonight, and on the morrow,
Still it will come, O Gallant God, to Thee!

III

A third towering truth that rises above the tragedy of today is this: God is here, now, seeking man's cooperation, searching for those who will serve as his coworkers. It is an amazing arrangement that God Almighty has ordained, this superimposition of self-limitations whereby he cannot do somethings unless mortal men assist him. For example, it is quite impossible for the omniscient God to reveal his truth until men are able and willing to think. Nor can he create his heavenly harmonies unless we mortals study the art of music and write the scores and play the instruments which alone produce an opera or an oratorio. He supplies the resources, the materials, the wherewithal to make of this earth a paradise, but his will must be *done*, not merely accepted, if ever a modern Eden is achieved. No electric light, no radio, no soaring plane will he fabricate, but all that is necessary for the manufacture of our innumerable modern miracles he has hidden away in the earth to await the discovery of man. And though he stores the sea, the soil and the sky with vast reservoirs of energy and power, he waits on man's cooperation before he releases the dynamic that blesses or blasts the world.

It is not otherwise concerning the establishment of the Kingdom of God on this earth. Not resignation to God's will, but cooperation with him, is the supreme prerequisite. Until men will do his will, keep his commandments, go down his way, follow his truth, fulfill the requirements of the Kingdom, regardless of the immediate consequences to themselves, their loved ones and the "cause" God cannot do what he fain would do. On the other hand, no one is so weak or worthless but that he can release the power of God and achieve amazing results. Planting a seed, cultivating and protecting it, he unleashes the cosmic energy that produces thirty, sixty or a hundred fold more. Losing one's life, for his sake, he allows God to save him and through him how many others. Seeking to save his life, he loses it—and God must seek otherwhere for a co-worker.

IV

Finally, the most heartening fact of all is that God is here, now, succeeding, not failing as some might surmise. To be sure, as I have insisted, when men do evil the law of retribution works, sin brings suffering and sorrow, not only to mortals, but to God as well. But even though he is wounded and in a large way hindered, he is never altogether defeated. Always he can, and ultimately he does, "make the wrath of men to praise him." In some utterly unanticipated, mysterious way, God somehow seems to be able to use men's wickedness for a purpose peculiarly his own.

Leslie Weatherhead has somewhere illustrated this truth with the story of a man who, working in a paper manufacturing establishment, one day either ignorantly or willfully refrained from putting into the mixture that was to be made into fine writing paper, a certain essential chemical ingredient. The product was useless for writing purposes and a large loss of time and material was apparently inevitable. But the employer took a sample of the spoiled writing paper and studied it. When he tried to write on it the ink ran into wide blurs and the paper drank it up. Suddenly a suggestion came to him. Instead of the bothersome fine sand everywhere used to dry the written page, why not use this supposedly spoiled product? And thus blotting paper came into common use. The employee failed to do the will of his employer, and the expected result was frustrated. But even so, the faulty product was used by the employer for a greater purpose than had yet been dreamed of.

In an infinitely greater way God uses the mistakes and the willfulness of men to ends beyond any vision mortal minds can develop—and thus God succeeds. Men of wrath are now busily, diabolically engaged in wrecking the world. Nothing that they do could possibly be the will of God. Their incredible crimes cry out to high heaven, and they stand accursed. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." We avert our eyes before the appalling suffering of how many millions—and of God! Now, as always, he seeks for co-workers who will help him build a new world. But somehow, in his own good time, God will make this awful wrath of men to praise him.

Once before a proud and pompous representative of a greedy empire boasted of his power of life and death over the fairest, noblest, gentlest Man the world had ever known. Jesus stood before Pilate and admitted that the latter had enormous power to do evil, as all men have. And Pilate cravenly used that power and allowed the Master to be crucified. But God took that cross, symbol as it was of ignominious defeat, and made it the medium of the mightiest moral victories conceivable. Whereas once it suggested a hiss, now it elicits a song, and men praise God by singing, "In the cross of Christ I glory."

What on earth is God doing? Well, at least, he is here, now, sustaining his moral order, suffering desperately, searching for co-workers and succeeding ultimately in making the wrath of men to praise him.

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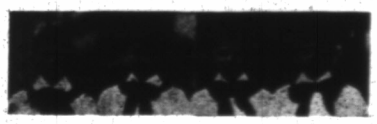

8:00 a.m. Holy Communion
9:30 a. m. Church School
11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon

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Monte Verde St., one block North of Ocean Ave., between 5th & 6th
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Sunday Service 11 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting 8 p.m.
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9:15	9:40
10:15	10:40
10:55	11:20
12:05 P.M.	12:25 P.M.
12:50	1:30
2:00	2:30
2:45	3:20
4:00	4:30
5:05	5:30
6:05	6:55
7:20	7:40
8:40	9:30
10:45 P.M.	11:00 P.M.

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What Carmel Offers in Instruction In Cultural Subjects

(Continued from Page Nine)

Monterey, Salinas and neighboring communities.

Michael Mann has also been giving occasional sonata concerts with Dorothy Heer of Salinas, and has been playing in a trio with Anna Grant Dall and Jean Crouch Fulkerson. Sunday he will be the soloist at the Church of the Wayfarer.

This youngest son of Thomas Mann, the great German novelist whose family have suffered so intensely since the coming of the Hitler regime, has very definite ideas of his function as a teacher. He believes more and more that the task of his generation, coming as he does from a school of very unatomic violin playing (the Karl Flesch school) is to lay the greatest stress upon the psychological point in teaching. He loves best of all to work with children, although it is his delight to work with anyone who has the urge within himself to play this most responsive and sensitive of all instruments.

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Pencilla Gray Smith
The Piano

Pencilla Smith, whose Carmel studio is the attractive "Peaked House" on Isabella Road on the tip-top of Carmel Point taught large private classes in piano in Berkeley before coming to Carmel last year to live, and also did the advanced teaching of the high school grades at the Anna Head school.

Her interest has always been along the lines of modern psychology and pedagogy in the teaching of piano and the development of general musicianship. She believes in making the approach to the study of piano-playing a pleasant one, as well as quick and profitable. For instance, in teaching children she has them memorize from analysis instead of endless repetition, and she develops sight reading through the visual as well as manual grouping of notes. These are the same methods that have more recently been incorporated into the systems of the best modern schools of piano teaching.

Just recently, Miss Smith made an intensive study of the approach to the teaching of piano technic and interpretation with Alexander Raab, distinguished Hungarian pianist and pedagogue.

Pencilla Smith is a delightful person—tiny, dainty and forever young. Her huge white Samoyed, *Tasha*, whose forebears were pack dogs in northern Siberia, is her constant companion. We met *Tasha* when we met Miss Smith and that was soon after they arrived last summer.

In establishing her studio here, Miss Smith hopes to continue developing students who will have a broad knowledge and love of music as well as a facility on their chosen instrument.

+

Lucille Kiester
Handcrafts

Lucille Kiester is one of the workers of the world. She has accomplished so much in the arts that we haven't the space to tell all of the story.

Briefly, after college training in arts and crafts she opened The Pinafore Playhouse in 1926 in the basement which is now The Snack and still has on its wall some of Lucille Kiester's murals. At first she made wooden toys and painted them gaily to sell in the shop. During this period, which ended in 1930, she was identified with the Theatre of the Golden Bough in which she did costumes, stage sets and lights.

When Galt Bell started "The Drunkard" in Los Angeles, Lucille was publicized by the press as the only woman light technician, which job she did for "The Drunkard" for six years. During that same time she did day time teaching in the Los Angeles playgrounds.

Besides teaching handcrafts and applied arts she produced plays. Her hands were full on this job because of the unruly character of the kids on the playgrounds. In one Christmas play there were five instead of three wise men bearing gifts. They were a Japanese, a Philippino, a Negro, an Indian and a Texan.

In Carmel Mrs. Kiester is teaching applied art, using foil metals, wood, paper and leather. She has a class on Thursday evenings in the library at Sunset School which comes under adult education and is open to everyone. She conducts private and group classes in her studio on North Monte Verde.

+

Leota Tucker
Photography

Leota Tucker who, after 25 years of photography, took up teaching in the adult school as a hobby, now discovers that in teaching she has something that she loves to do more than anything else. In fact, she's amazing herself by the joy she gets out of it.

No one is better equipped than Mrs. Tucker to pass on to others the methods and technique of the art of photography. It was she and her husband, John O. Tucker, who established the Tucker Studios in San Jose. After his death she came to Carmel and won a reputation for herself through her camera portraits of children. Her art has not been limited to the younger set, however. Probably everything under Carmel's sun has been photographed by her at one time or another.

Mrs. Tucker combines her skill with an unflagging enthusiasm and is on her toes constantly with regard to the various angles that makes the work more interesting for children. At the present time her class is entering work in various flashlight photography competitions offered by various national magazines. Winners are awarded generous money prizes that make the project worth while. They work with a model. Exhibitions of their work take place from time to time, and through these and other ideas, interest fails always to flag.

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David Alberto
Piano

When you ask David Alberto about his work with the piano he points with unrestrained pride to his pupils. In fact he will hold forth with a most fanatical zeal on their merits. We are inclined to believe that it is this very belief of his in their genius which gives them the assurance and enthusiasm to do big things.

Mary Ingels is accompanist for the ballet master Adolph Bolm in Hollywood. Molly Murphy has just had a symphony of her own played to enthusiastic audiences in Los Angeles. Mary Walker is pianist for the San Francisco Orchestra. Elaine Lavrans has given concerts entirely of her own compositions. Jewell Brookshier is the composer of the music for Ruth Austin's Ballet Carmel. Dorothy Heer who plays Michael Thomas Mann's accompaniment when he teaches in Salinas. These are stars in Alberto's crown.

He says that he knows of only one community in America that has turned out more musicians than Carmel has. That is Rockford, Illinois, which produced Frank La Forge, Howard Wells, Jeannette Durno and Alice Sovereign, to mention a few.

If you know your Carmel you already know that the Albertos, David and Iris, are two of the most genuinely charming people in the village. They have lived as long as we can remember in a redwood house in the Eighty Acres which was originally the home of Redfern Mason. They have no telephone, come to town for the mail and groceries and occasional plays and concerts. They enjoy seclusion. They are busy people, Alberto with his music; Iris, with their lovely home and garden.

+

Jeanne Pirenne
French

Mme. Jeanne Pirenne, she with the bright eyes and the white hair, who for so long has been active in Carmel teaching French, publishing a book of French recipes and making herself generally well known, has written another piece for THE CYMBAL on "Why and How Children Should Study Languages."

"A language should be studied like any other cultural subject for it is an art in itself and more important as a whole than the others," she writes. "But while the studying of painting, music, dancing and the drama have a quick appeal it often takes an emergency or casual circumstance to make one realize the importance of the knowledge of a foreign language.

"Only the Jews seem to have always been conscious of the importance of knowing languages; therefore their efficiency in business and their proficiency in science and art.

"The parents and teachers should bear in mind that no matter how much a pupil attends language classes, proficiency comes only after private instruction.

"Let us consider the advantages offered to anyone who has mastered one of the main foreign languages; French, Spanish, German or even Russian. In our time of war, linguists are needed more than ever both at home and abroad. The most interesting and thrilling careers are offered to them.

"If the child is gifted the parents should follow the example set by the Jews and not wait until the time comes to go abroad before learning the language, but learn it at home and perfect it abroad thus coming at once in close contact with the people who speak it."

+ + +

Improvement work has been scheduled for portions of the Pacheco Pass highway, between San Felipe and Bell Station, reports the San Jose office of the National Automobile Club. Approximately $12,150 has been appropriated for the work.

TICKLE AGAIN MEMBER OF TAXATION COMMITTEE

Senator E. H. Tickle of Carmel Highlands has again been appointed to the chairmanship of the important revenue and taxation committee of the upper house of the State legislature, it was announced Tuesday of this week. Seventeen chairmanships went to Republican and three to Democrats in the Republican dominated chamber.

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The Gods and I

By David Alberto

THE PROBLEM

Let us imagine a musician seriously at work studying a composition. He has arrived at a cadence and finds a ritard pleases him. However there is no indication in the score suggesting an alteration of tempo, and, being a serious musician, he asks himself, "would the creator appreciate this interpretation?" After some deliberation he remains doubtful. "Still," he argues "a ritard is nice. So what!" And the instrument is forsaken while he paces back and forth listening for a celestial voice which might whisper the solution into his ear.

Such a scene may only tend to provoke a smile. Or it may be that the reader is a devout musician anxious to reproduce the composer's conceptions and therefore hourly confronted with these problems as long as he is at work. Again, especially if a young musician, there exists an intense and dominating desire to be one's self and to speak one's own mind and this impulse is likely to provide the answer most readily.

Is it possible to arrive at a satisfactory solution? Reasonable cause for doubt exists, for the matter is extremely involved. But we may at least consider the many entangling factors and eventually find a comforting course along which we may safely proceed.

THE ANSWER

Let us imagine a second situation, this time one wherein the reader is but casually concerned. An actor—preferably a very great actor—is studying the role of Hamlet, and, pacing back and forth before his mirror, has arrived at the line *It is I, Hamlet*. Now it must be definitely borne in mind that the thespian artist—like the musician—is also concerned with interpretation, that consequently his and the musician's problems are identical, and that the actor's attitude toward the dramatist must be identical with the musician's attitude toward the composer. Therefore we might profitably enter for a moment into the innermost recesses of this artist's mind as he paces back and forth repeating *It is I, Hamlet*, and attempt to discover the psychological motivation which conditions his thought.

We know that *I, the actor*, has wholly disappeared from his mind—that instead he is a Danish prince announcing his presence and that the key to a successful announcement of this fact lies in his ability to realize just what sort of a person William Shakespeare imagined Hamlet to be plus the complete effacement of himself as an individual. That is the actor's method—that should also be the musician's method.

And so you, the reader, having read thus far, having chosen music as the medium wherein you were to express your joys and sorrows, your whimsies and forebodings suddenly find yourself thwarted and crushed because your medium is one wherein the first rule is said to be elimination of self. Well, the problem is not that severe, in fact, an acceptable solution of the problem requires a master mind, and if you happen to be one, or might look forward to becoming one of the outstanding interpreters of Bach or Beethoven or Brahms you have just cause for retaining your ego even with an inflated I.

CONSOLATION

As the actor must become the character so, too, must the musician become the composer and he who is able to become most like the composer will doubtless offer the most acceptable interpretation of that composer's works. To be Chopin for a moment—is that not compensation for the loss of one's individuality during that length of time: to be Beethoven for a moment—is that not worth foresaking one's individuality forever!

But to become Beethoven implies the necessity of knowing Beethoven and the Beethoven tradition and this latter requisite presents a problem which anyone, so fortunate as to find the answer, may well regard his energies as most successfully directed. A Berlin audience will applaud a Wagnerian peformance which might only be accorded hisses in Vienna because of the latitude of departure from what the Viennese consider as the master's intentions. The matter does not end even here, for there remains the Beyreuth tradition.

Not even the words we might read are to be trusted when concerned with this problem, for we find Mozart, when he first arrived in Vienna, writing his father of his great success and accrediting the enthusiasm to his method "of playing with the left hand in rhythm and the right hand out of rhythm." Again we find Mikuli describing the playing of Chopin and mentioning an identical trait.

That Mozart employed this device will startle many—that Chopin employed it is known to most musicians. But who is willing to believe that this method was as apparent in the playing of Mozart as it was with Chopin. Still from the meaning of the words we read it might be assumed that both played in a most similar manner!

Besides, there are other matters which might delight the serious student, anxious to offer authentic interpretations. Von Bulow gives the tempo mark of the Beethoven Sonata op. 106, first movement as 112 and criticizes Czerny's mark of 138. Apparently Herr von Bulow never happened to read a letter of Beethoven in which the tempo is given "138!" Is it not consoling to catch the great Beethoven authority with his metronome raised five notches too high? And does not the detection of such matters tend to establish one's own identity as an individual who *knows!*

At Eisenbach in the house where Bach was born one may touch the tiny instrument which the God among Gods played as a child. In Weimar one may play upon three instruments used by Mozart, in Vienna is the instrument with white black keys and black white keys owned by Haydn and at the Rathaus there is a magnificent instrument of Beethoven. Returning to Weimar are two Steinways in the Liszt Museum. And returning to America one may touch an instrument which is not similar to those of the immortals, for it contains three additional keys, an additional pedal and a lighter action. All of which is most consoling to the reader if he happens to be a pianist, for we pianists of today must actually transcribe works of an earlier date, and to transcribe successfully demands a most exacting application of good taste. Herein the pianist may allow his individuality to enter unimpeded—he may add bass notes to Bach which Bach never wrote only because there were no such keys—he may employ the pedal when playing Mozart which Mozart never employed because he had no pedal—he may sustain notes with the third pedal which Liszt doubtless longed to sustain. He must employ the most exacting taste to keep the treble clear when performing earlier works upon this instrument of today with its sonorous bass—he must regard all dynamic markings with a degree of skepticism, knowing that the keys beneath his fingers are capable of producing degrees of resonance which Bach was able to obtain only from an organ—he may employ the half pedal—in fact the piano of today opens limitless possibilities to the pianist of today wherein individuality may flow rampant.

And if this is not sufficient there remains another course wherein the musician might express himself—he might compose.

"But I lack the talent," the reader is apt to answer. That very remark was made to the writer some years ago. "However you can do this," I replied, and I played C then D. "Those two notes suggest notes *ad infinitum*," I continued and proceeded to create a short melody. After some hesitation the student confessed that she considered herself capable of performing a similar feat. Then I offered a sheet of paper and demanded that she return it next lesson—but not blank!

That happened some six years ago. Three years later she was playing programs of her own composition before various Pro-Musica chapters of America which resulted in offers of scholarships from most of the leading schools of this country.

"But I am too old," you say. So I shall remind you of Gauguin who abandoned banking for brushes when well along in years. It is difficult to imagine the day when he will no longer be recognized as a God.

"But it is such an arduous, lengthy course," you complain. So I remind you of a novel which required 20 years to create—I mention another God—Flaubert.

So it appears the gist of these words is to the effect that if we are to relate the thoughts of another we must do so in a resigned and obedient manner, with an intense desire to repeat only such ideas as the composer conceived. Therein lies the art of interpretation. If the interpreter must follow an inner urge to speak of things external to that which is included in the works of others then he should attempt to fill the lines and spaces in his own individual manner. Likely the world will not regard the result as of eternal value but he, possibly you, the reader, will know the exultation which follows significant speech. It is then that the I in each of us ofttimes seems elevated until, if only for an instant or two, we may seem to belong among the immortals. And then there remains the possibility that you, too, might be accorded a crown.

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HOLY COMMUNION SERVICE AT ALL SAINTS SUNDAY

The service of the Holy Communion will be held at 8 a.m. next Sunday at All Saints' Church. The Church School opens at 9:30 a.m., and at 11 a.m. the service of Morning Prayer will be held with a sermon by the Rev. J. C. Hulsewé. His topic will be "Where is God? Why Does He Allow War?"

Send Out Thy Light by Charles Gounod will be the offertory anthem. Organ selections will include Tours' *Prelude* and *Allegretto Grazioso*. The full-vested choir will participate in this service under the direction of Reu E. Manhire with Alice Lee Keith at the organ.

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Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Palache have been touring in the southern part of the state. At Santa Barbara they were guests at El Encanto Hotel.

Personalities & Personals

Miss Marion Adams of The Corner Cupboard, like most other shop owners, has the buying fever at the present. She went to San Francisco on Monday for jewelry and on Saturday she will go to Los Angeles for general gift merchandise. While in the south she will visit her family in Van Nuys. She plans to spend a week in the south.

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Marguerite Tickle's Gay Nineties skating party which took place last Monday night at the Del Monte Roller rink, was one of the maddest parties of the season, everyone chasing balloons around on skates and everyone dressed in costumes that ranged from authentic costumes of that period to inspired creations made up of anything that came to hand.

Grand prize went to Don and Marie Cummings for the best couple, he as a policeman of the nineties, and she a lass of the Bowery. Jean Pillsbury of Hollister won "best clad woman" for her idea of what a lady should wear when bicycling. Ray Force walked off with the "best clad man" for his bicycling suit. Miss Tickle wore an authentic bathing suit of the ruffled bloomer design complete with nautical braid and tie. Taylor Pillsbury was master-of-ceremonies in a little number that suited his type well.

Miss Tickle's guests included Mr. and Mrs. Don Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rudolph, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mulvin, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Pillsbury, Capt. and Mrs. H. S. Sundt, Mr. and Mrs. Hap Hasty, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Force, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bunn, Miss Winifred and Miss Alison Stilwell, Mrs. Betty Carr, Mrs. Ivy Van Cott, Mr. and Mrs. Al Fry, Miss Betty Small, Bud Todd, Bill Hubbard, Maj. Frank Dorn, Capt. Edward Hartshorn and Lt. Eugene McDonald.

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Matt Schmutz, owner of Carmel Bakery, and, most importantly, the baker, has been laid low by that flu bug, and the oven down there on Ovean avenue has missed his fine touch for a week.

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Another guest of Mrs. Selby McCreery due to arrive next week is Mrs. Paul Butler, wife of the British consul in San Francisco. Mrs. Butler is the head of the British War Relief. With her will be Mrs. C. D. Edgar and Mrs. George Bowles who will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow. All three are coming down on British War Relief work.

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OVER THE CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

We hear that:

Me and Al we ain't got no numbers because maybe in the last one we ate too much and the President he figures he aint going to feed us free no more unless we join up with the W P Ace and we wont but Joe he has got one and it has got a thirteen in it. That kind of makes Joe a little bit mad because he has got superstitions so he says he is going to fool them and get himself in the army anyway.

Al, he never sees nothing but the black sides of things and he says—

"You won't be no good in this kind of fighting business because it is all done with airyoplanes and you can't even hit a buzzard when he is eating let alone flying."

But you can't stop Joe when he gets these crazy ideas so one night he says "Come on we are going to Monterey."

"What for," says Al. "That's a heluva long way just to join up in a army. Wait till one of them trucks comes up here and you can get a ride back in to town with them maybe."

Joe he says, "I want to go down to the Mecca and get me a drink of whisky with branch water. Besides I don't like them trucks. They are awful big."

So we got a fellow we knew that had a automobile and he took us and we was having a swell time just listening to the juke box and not taking nothing to drink, only Joe because Al and me we got sense and drinking whisky and branch water will make you see things what aren't the way you see them and it slows up your legs when you want to run.

And then Joe he disappears. We can't find him no place and God Almighty but we is worried! He aint no wheres in Monterey. That is he aint no wheres where we look, so we give up and went over to Seaside where Al knows a babe but she is asleep and wont let us in so we sleep in the yard and get back up the valley the next day thinking Joe might maybe be home, but he aint there. He aint even sleeping off that branch water in the old hollow tree what he likes the most when he is that way.

Well in about two days Joe he shows up and he is all full of hot air and sticking out his chest and he says.

"Come on. You got to help finish it."

And I say, "Finish what?"

And he says, "That war business. I done the worst part but you guys have got to help me put on the finishing touches. Them gophers is getting too many for me."

"What gophers," says Al.

"The ones which have got grass for hair and Jeepers but they is big!"

Well, Al he don't want to go nowheres because of on becounting it is raining and he is got no shoes and the water washes the sand away from the rocks in the road and they is sharp but we go.

We was almost there when a big hole opens up in the middle of the road like someone forgot to put back the cover on a manhole and we fall in the damn thing. They is about five guys there already and she aint so very big and it is kind of crowded but one of the guys is wearing a fancy night gown made out of that stuff like Rosie puts over the meat to keep out the flies and he has got a face that looks like a bush with flowers blooming on it.

"How do you get out of here?" says Al. But Joe he is crawling round on his knees and he says.

"We got to go on to China because that is where the big fighting is going on."

Well, Al he wont go to China because he ate chop suey one time and Jeepers but he was sick. And that was the time that Joe he was going to put the chop sticks in the chink's eyes only Mazie stopped him because the chink was a friend of hers.

Well, anyway this hole it is pretty damp and it don't smell none too good and this guy in the night-gown and the lilies for ears he is got a thing in his hand that is no easter egg and I know it because a friend of a gambler what we knew had some and he says they is pineapples but not for eating.

And every now and then is a noise like thunder on the roof and the top of this hole pops up and down and I am getting pretty damn nervous. And the other guys what Joe is calling Gophers is saying nothing and they got guns. So I don't say nothing.

But Al he is pretty mad about the whole thing because his feet is killing him by now and he is all for going home but these gophers they wont let him out of the hole and it aint getting any bigger and it don't smell no better. So I says,

"We better go home and leave this war business to people what know more about it than you do."

And then we looked around and they wasn't nobody there only Al and Joe and me. And them gopher guys didn't go out of the top and they aint there and it gives me the creeps. We could hear what they was saying and they was talking about camel flies and they was laughing like hell only they wasn't there.

So I says to Joe,

"You give me a boost and I'll get the hell out of here and then I will pull you two out," and just then something jabbed itself into my rump and it was plenty sharp and you can believe me kiddo I got out of that crazy hole and I didn't even wait to help Joe and Al but it was plenty sharp. Well, I waited for them down in the ditch by that drain across the road where it caved in pretty bad and by and by they came along and Al he has cut his feet off and is carrying them because they hurt when he walks and Joe he is singing like a big fool.

So now we got back home and Joe he talks all the time about how he won the war and killed off all the generals and I aint going to argue none with him because it aint no use, but what I would like to do is to find that that guy in the cheesecloth nightgown and I would like to get a good holt of his face with all that grass on it and I would fix him plenty for giving me that stick in the rump.

And if they is going to be any more wars they should ought to be on top of the ground and not down gopher holes like a bunch of trap-door spiders. And Joe he has promised not to drink no more branch water.

—ELSBETH FRELLSON

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LETTERS TO THE PAPER

SEE HAVOC WROUGHT IN CARMEL DURING LAST FEW YEARS

Editor, The Cymbal:

Enclosed our signed petition against changing the zoning law as per request of the owners of block 68 in Carmel.

Needless to say, we must protect Carmel against any owner who will put personal gain before the beauty and interests of our already too commercialized village.

I lived in Carmel for many years, own property there and hope to return some day. As I get a clear perspective from the quiet hilltop where we now live, I see all too clearly the lamentable havoc wrought in Carmel these last few years—by ambitious and unthinking people. However, I have no apprehensive feelings concerning the necessary signatures of 50 per cent of the property owners within a radius of 400 feet of the property involved. Surely more than 50 per cent of them must be loyal "Carmelites!" If not, then Carmel has given way to an invasion of termites for which there is no spray.

For years I have watched, read and deeply admired your endeavors to propound what has been, in your opinion, the best for Carmel and its inhabitants. Almost invariably you have been right. I hope that your many efforts to keep Carmel's chin above the tide will meet with the hearty cooperation they so deserve.

Sincerely,

—ELOY PHILLIPS

Los Altos, Calif.
January 11.

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BERNARD—HE WANTS TO KNOW, TOO

Dear Bill:

I see you are still worrying about "Where is God?"

I will be glad to help you locate His whereabouts if you will first convince me there is a God, such as people seem to have in mind when they use a capital G.

As an engineer, I grant you there is a wonderful system or order in nature but I have not the slightest clue whether it just happened, evolved, or some power made it so, but I have grave doubts that whatever power it may be, cares a whoop about us or our doings.

The beauty (and I mean beauty) of the system is that it always works according to facts (call it truth if you like) and it is up to us to find out the facts. What we like to call "Laws of nature."

And the nice thing about the system is that it is NOT affected by man's prayers or curses. It plays no favorites. It will do for you exactly what it will do for me. Or for a German just as well as for an Englishman.

What we believe on the subject does not make it so. Once upon a time we believed the earth was flat but that did not make it flat. Just because there are so many different beliefs about God and other religious matters and none of them can be proved, is pretty good evidence that they just ain't so.

You may be right. I may be wrong. If you get any clues, let me know. I have been trying to find out for more years than you can remember.

Carmel, Jan. 18.

—BERNARD

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New Painter in Our Town

A Mill Valley painter, Amy Flemming, has been in Carmel for two months, will be here a month longer, and her visit here may possibly extend beyond that. She has quite a collection of her work with her, and is adding to it day by day with paintings of local subjects.

The Flemmings were in Mexico a year ago and it is the paintings of Indian figures that interest me much more than her landscapes. Her medium is thin oil which she applies with a dry brush on paper. The effect is unusual, having almost the quality of a colored lithograph about it, and her method is ideal for her type of work which is directed by a forceful and unfailing rhythmic feeling for design. Four examples of it may be seen at Tilly Polak's on Ocean avenue. Miss Polak chose the ones which I would have chosen. Best of all, I like the "Taxco Market Place" with over-loaded burros balancing on dainty feet, and one corner of the composition blocked off to contain an Indian figure. All her figure compositions are simple and effective. Some of her landscapes I feel are over-designed and direction is lost.

Mrs. Flemming is a member of the San Francisco Art Association and it was she who organized the San Francisco Society of Women Artists. She is also a director of the Marin Art Association. Last September a group of her oils hung at the Museum of Art and press notices were very favorable.

Herbert Flemming, her husband, has retired from the business of being a banker and has now become the painter that he intended to become before Fate decided he should become a business man. His *forte* is portraiture, and he has used Indian subjects almos tentirely. —M. W.

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The Placerville road, U. S. 50 is open and in good condition from Sacramento as far east as Kyburz, where winter maintenance ends, reports the California State Automobile Association.

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Distinctively beautiful shrubs and plants for your garden Grown on the Peninsula, not cheap importations. Fresh, cut flowers. Deliveries. Office at Floral Office. Dolores near 7th. Telephone 323.
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O'Keefe & Merritt ranges, heaters, water heaters—America's most modern appliances. Electrolux, the gas refrigerator. Tappan ranges. Thor washers. Service on all types and makes of heaters. Sensible prices. Sixth at Junipero. Telephone 686.
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Every home furnishing need, in towels, sheets, curtains, window shades. Fine quality—excellent values. Venetian Blinds on order. Stop in and see our stock. At the corner of Dolores and Ocean Avenue.
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MRS. WINIFRED HOLLISON DIES IN SAN FRANCISCO

The death of Mrs. Winifred J. Hollison, which occurred at midnight last Friday in the Dante Hospital in San Francisco, following a heart ailment from which she had been suffering for several years, will bring to mind a couple, Dr. and Mrs. Henry J. Hollison, who came to Carmel years ago when it was at the height of its pristine and unclouded loveliness.

Dr. Hollison built the house where Dr. John R. Gray now conducts his practice, and developed a practice of his own which made him one of the most-beloved figures in this town. He and his wife were active in every phase of the early life of Carmel and during the years before his death, when the doctor was forced to relinquish his practice because of illness, Mrs. Hollison was constantly at his side, a shining example of faithfulness and devotion. Dr. Hollison died here seven years ago. Before he was forced to give up his practice, he built the house opposite the Forest Hill School which had been Mrs. Hollison's home up until two years ago when she went to San Francisco to make her home with a niece, Mrs. George Voorhies.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon in San Francisco. A nephew, Charles Jenks, of San Bernardino, was among the close members and friends of the family who were present. Interment took place in Marsailles, Ill., the town which was Mrs. Hollison's home until her marriage.

CARMEL HIGH SCHOOL NEWS

Out of the 275 students attending the Carmel High School, 213, about 77 per cent of the entire student body, trooped to the polls last Friday and voted for the candidates for the coming semester's student body officers. From the results of the primary election, the two highest candidates for each office will be voted upon today in the final election. The results of this will be revealed Monday.

Those running in the finals are: For president, Alice Vidoroni, incumbent, and Lewis Norman; vice-president, Harvey Gardner, incumbent, and Toland Doud; secretary, Mary Marshall and Donna Hodges.

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HOPE TO WIN TONIGHT

After accepting defeat in the Pacific Grove gymnasium last Friday night, the Carmel Padre basketball fives plan to make it up at the expense of the Boulder Creek High School squads here on the Mission Ranch court tonight at 7:15.

Boulder Creek, the only Class C school in the league besides Carmel, will prove no warm-up exercise for the local lads. They have one had been murdered in bed. An a fast, tricky team which has beaten both Gonzales and Watsonville, chiefly through the phenomenal shooting of a rangy blond forward who sank 24 of his team's points against Gonzales. Experience is heavily on the side of these invaders, for Boulder Creek plays no football but starts its basketball practice in September. Thus, by January they have reached their peak.

Carmel, hampered by inexperience and small squads, has won a reputation as a fighting team, but the Padres must count on more than that if they are to down their rivals. In the Pacific Grove game, the varsity players sank only three field goals. Bob Garguilo, Orv Jones, and Mac Ashton will have to get considerably hotter than in the last two games if they are to break the spell of short-end scores.

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SENIOR SWEATERS ARRIVE

At last the senior sweaters have arrived; The Carmel High School upper classmen now rival the first blush of Spring in their bright green sweaters with numerals outlined in white. The girls have cardigans, while the boys have coat sweaters. Ann Millis, Orville Jones and Colden Whitman were the committee in charge of ordering the sweaters from Mahar's in Monterey.

Rings and class pins now attract their attention. Two firms, Josten of Los Angeles and Bartlow of Santa Rosa, have submitted designs to Bob Garguilo, vice-president of the class and a decision will be announced shortly.

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ADD HIGH SKOOL VISIT MARSH'S

About 20 Carmel High School girls, under the supervision of Mrs. Helen Poulson of the home economics department, went through Marsh's Oriental Art store last Friday. There they were shown elaborately hand-painted dishes, many worth hundreds of dollars because of their antiquity. One object which awed the girls was a doeskin wall hanging, with peacocks painted in oil upon it. This had formerly been used as a bed cover in China. In it was a hole, much like one a bullet would make and blood stains here and there, as if some-other was a plate which had been made especially for the emperor and was not to be taken out of his house. On the plate were nine five-toed dragons. The number of nine five-toed dragons was not to be used as a design except on ceremonial articles, as was the plate. It had been stolen and sold.

The girls were shown many gorgeous obi, or cloths that the Japanese women wore around their waists and which were sold by the yard. The Japanese women often paid as high as $15,000 for the obi, according to their husbands' rank. No patterns were duplicated as the samples were thrown away when the obi was sold. There were also a number of valuable pieces of cloth used as priests' robes. The unusual thing about them was that after they were woven they were cut up and sewed together again. There were two gardens. In one was a statue of the God of Happiness, the Japanese Santa Claus, who had a child under his hand.

The girls then arranged themselves on the floor while they were shown some kimonos, which also, were not duplicated. Most of them were lined with net, although the outer color was not so bright. Lately, in Japan the girls are turning flapperette and are wearing brightly-colored kimonos on the streets. The men's robes were, for the greater part, black with the family emblem in white and a little design at the bottom, also in white.

—BETTY BLOODGOOD

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SEE PLANT TRAPS WORK

"Leaves," "Plant Traps" and "Flowers," three more films on scientific subjects made available to the Carmel High School's science department by the University of California, are being shown to the biology and general science classes this week by J. W. Getsinger, head of the science department. Students are displaying special interest in the plant traps pictured. These plants trap and kill their prey and devour it like animals.

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Just in case . . .

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE TOWN

Carmel, in a pine forest (Carmel-by-the-Sea on the unashamed records, and "nestled" in a pine forest, according to realtors), on the shore of the expansive Pacific Ocean, is about 130 miles south of San Francisco by road and rail, and about 330 miles north of Los Angeles (God help us!) by the naturally beautiful but peace-devastating new coast highway.

Within our corporate borders dwell during tranquil nine months of the year about 2,800 human beings of varying degrees of personal charm and about 1297 dogs, all lovable. We cover a geographical area of 425 acres and have 1602 dwellings. We tolerate 176 separate and distinct places of business.

Directly adjacent to us, but not within our municipal city limits are residence sections known to us as Carmel Point, Carmel Woods, Pebble Beach, Hatton Fields and the Mission Tract, with an estimated aggregate population of 1000 humans. Dogs 187. Also using us for shopping purposes are Carmel Highlands, where State Senator Ed Tickle runs Highlands Inn, and the Carmel Valley. They have an estimated population of 400 humans. Dogs 88.

That gives us about 4,200 human beings and 1,572 dogs in "metropolitan" Carmel.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Five members of the city council who, with their designated commissions, are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Keith B. Evans.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Bernard Rowntree.

Commissioner of Streets—P. A. McCreery.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Herber Heron.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Frederick M. Godwin. The above get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—William L. Hudson.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector — B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector—Thomas J. Hefling. Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Walton. Roy Fraties, acting chief. Patrolmen—Earl Wermuth, Leslie Overhulse, Livingstone Hay. Desk Officer, John P. Van Epps.

Fire Department—Chief Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. Fire House on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets. Telephone 100.

Park and Playground Commission—Corum Jackson, chairman.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride is on Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues.

The council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln streets. Hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books free to permanent residents inside the city limits. A charge of $3 a year is made to residents in the Carmel district outside the city. A deposit of $3 is required of transients and residents of less than six months duration, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of the library.

The library board of trustees meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:30 a.m. This is open to the public.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day or mornings and evenings by appointment. Call 327. Mrs. Clay Otto, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. South on San Carlos continuing on winding road quarter of a mile. The Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular mass Sunday, 10 a.m. Visiting hours, weekdays, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sunday, after masses.

CLASSIFIED ADS

10 cents a line for one insertion. 15 cents a line for two insertions. 20 cents a line for three insertions. 25 cents a line for four insertions. Minimum charge 30 cents. Count five words to a line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

BARGAIN LOTS — If you are considering the purchase of a lot—now is probably the best time for years to before land prices advance. Carmel Woods lots are priced below market now. Sites in Mission Tract and Walker Tract are surely bargains at $1500 & $1550 for 60 ft. Low monthly terms can be arranged for the purchase of these lots. FHA Loans are available and easily secured. Utilities are in. Stop in and talk the matter over with us. We will give you full details and assist you in every way. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY. Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (4)

HOUSES FOR RENT

UNFURNISHED ATTRACTIVE new 2 bedroom house. Double garage. Phone 1200. (tf)

PLACES TO LIVE WANTED

WANTED — "A FIRESIDE far from the cares that are, Four walls and a (leak-proof) roof above" — We ask no more. Neither paint, furniture, lease nor much space. We can only pay you $20 or less. Address L-88, Cymbal Office. (tf)

UNFURNISHED HOUSE, 2 or 3 bedrooms. Children. Permanent. Under $35 month. Possibility of buying. A. Sheffield, Gen. Del. (tf)

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

THREE BEDROOM house, Randall Way & 5th, Hatton Fields. Ready February 15; 4 bedroom & 3 bath on Ladera Drive, Mission Tract, ready February 1. Both can be bought under liberal FHA terms with monthly payments half the rental value. CARL BENSBERG, owner builder. Carmel 1543. (tf)

SUNNY MARINE view lot. 50 x 80. Three blocks South of Ocean Ave. Easy walking distance to beach. $1600. Call Gladys Johnston at 1200 or 149. (tf)

LOST

STONE VENEER HOUSE, 6-room house on Randall Way, Hatton Fields. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Central heat. $9850. F. H. A. Easy terms. Carl Bensberg, Owner and builder. (tf)

ROOMS FOR RENT

COMFORTABLE ROOM with private entrance. Central heat. Halfway between beach and central business section. Telephone 864. (tf)

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CYMBAL WANT ADS go places, see people and do things—to 'em.

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LOVELY OLD square piano. Must sell immediately. Good condition. For information phone 149 (tf)

GRAND OPPORTUNITY to acquire nearly new furniture. Baby grand piano, highboy secretary, complete bedroom suite, and other pieces. Call at S. W. corner 12th and Lincoln. Frank Hill, (tf)

FOR SALE

GIFT SHOP—New stock & fixtures. $900 cash. Illness. Must be sold quickly. 525 Main St., Watsonville. (3)

LOST AND FOUND

ROLL OF BILLS in gold bill clasp. Reward. Phone Austin T. White, Carmel 544-J. (4)

FOR SALE

CYMBAL WANT ADS are potent little buggers

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BE HIGHER
IF THE VALUE OF THE DOLLAR IS REDUCED—
LAND WILL INCREASE

BUY A LOT
IN
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BARGAIN PRICES
LOW MONTHLY TERMS

30 LOTS FOR
YOUR SELECTION

CARMEL REALTY COMPANY
Ocean Avenue
Or any Carmel Broker

'Captain Fury' at Playhouse

BRIAN AHERNE and JUNE LANG in "Captain Fury."

Ranking as top-notch action drama, "Captain Fury," starring the brilliant Irish actor, Brian Aherne, will be shown at the Playhouse this week-end, starting tonight, with a matinee on Sunday only. Supporting Aherne, who plays the role of *Captain Michael Fury*, Australia's *Robin Hood*, are June Lang, Victor McLaglen, Paul Lukas and John Carradine, with an unusually strong secondary cast.

The story concerns the attempts of the land barons of Australia to establish huge feudal estates and to rule them with the cruelty and tyranny characteristic of the robber nobles of mediaeval England. Into this situation comes *Captain Fury*, an Irish political exile, who gathers around him a number of escaped prisoners and proceeds to set up a secret kingdom in a hideout from which he harasses and finally overcomes the country's oppressors. In this modern *Robin Hood* episode the *Maid Marian* is beauteous June Lang, playing the role of daughter of one of Fury's principal adversaries. The picture is exciting, vigorous, joyous, full of romantic adventure. The bill, which will play through Sunday, is rounded out by a Walt Disney cartoon and latest news flashes.

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PENINSULA MALE CHORUS HAS 32 MEMBERS NOW

The names of Joseph G. Rice, George Moser, F. J. Doolittle, Charles Hamm, L. B. Bailey and Dr. Clinton Tawse have been added to those already on the roster of the Peninsula Male Chorus, making a total of 32 names in all. A few more members may have been added at last night's rehearsal, but the membership is now definitely closed, owing to the fact that a number of engagements have been booked for the near future and the program has to be completed.

The board of directors met at Alpine Inn before rehearsal last Monday night and appointed the following members of the chorus to serve on committees: Dr. Howard Clark, vice-president; Cecil Haskell, librarian; Lloyd G. Weer, Charles D. Walker and Joseph McEldowney, membership committee; Robert Edgren, Glenn Heinrich and Jaffrey Harris, publicity committee; Wallace Doolittle, Carl Bensburg and Harold J. McLean, music committee.

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FOREST LODGE ASSISTS 'BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN'

The facilities of Forest Lodge were turned over to the Carmel Woman's Club yesterday afternoon by the Fishers for the "Bundles for Britain" tea that was held.

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IN CARMEL Everybody Reads THE CYMBAL.

Would You Like To Donate Some Shrubs To Clayton?

Bill Nye—you know Bill Nye; he's one of our boys who has decided that the quicker one gets into the army the quicker one gets the trouble over and is mustered out—wants some shrubs to plant around the quarters of his outfit, Company C, 53rd Infantry, at Camp Clayton. He says that when the sun shines (by the way, when DOES the sun shine?) it gets all-fired dusty over there and the boys have to wallow in it. He wants to pin down the dust and he wants the place to look nice. He has his company officers behind him. So, if you've got any shrubs you can do without, or if you have some you can't do without, but will make a sacrifice, let us know here at THE CYMBAL, and an army truck will call at your home for what you have to give.

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Altar Society Form New Study Group

When the women of the Mission Altar Society met last Monday at the home of Mrs. Elsie Martinez they organized the Junipero Serra Society, a study group which will be under the direction of the National Council of Catholic Women.

Mrs. W. M. Ives, chairman and organizer of the Society, gave a talk on Catholic Action and outlined a course of study for the group. The plan of the meetings outlined will cover reviews of the *National Council Bulletin*, and discussions of salient issues of the day. Roll call will be answered by members with a two-minute rotated talk on selected short subjects. At every other meeting there will be a forum discussion.

At the same meeting Miss Harriet Dean reviewed the *Council Bulletin*, the paper sent to the study groups thoughout the United States and which keeps members in touch with national affairs, social problems and legislation.

All women of the parish who are interested are invited to attend the meetings and to join the newly-formed Junipero Serra Society. The next meeting will be held Thursday, Feb. 13, at 2:30 p.m. in Crespi Hall.

Present members of the Society are Mrs. W. C. Louisell, Mrs. E. C. Gault, Mrs. F. L. Rickards, Mrs. Mary Reardon, Mrs. Chas. Sutter, Mrs. Chas McCauley, Mrs. Mary M. Miller, Mrs. E. Pollard, Mrs. George H. Keck, Mrs. Elsie Martinez, Miss Micaela Martinez, Mrs. Louis S. Narvaez, Miss Anna E. Campbell, Miss Marigold Gulick, Miss Ellen O'Sullivan, Mrs. J. J. Hooper, Mrs. W. F. Coughlin, Mrs. T. P. McElroy, Miss Harriet Dean and Mrs. W. M. Ives.

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Lucille Kiester made a round trip by train to San Francisco on Monday for a luncheon engagement at The Palace and a view of the city from the Top of the Mark.

CHURCH OF THE WAYFARER

Sunday Service at Eleven

Vocal Solo by
Grace C. Howden

Violin Solo by
Michael Thomas Mann

Organ Recital by
Jewell Brookshier

Sermon by
Dr. James E. Crowther:

"WHERE IN THE WORLD IS GOD?"

'Little Bit of Heaven' at Carmel Theatre Now; 'Chad Hanna' Next

LINDA DARNELL, HENRY FONDA, DOROTHY LAMOUR, JANE DARWELL, GUY KIBBEE and JOHN CARRADINE in "Chad Hanna."

A double bill at the Carmel Theatre tonight and tomorrow brings Gloria Jean and a brilliant cast in "A Little Bit of Heaven," the Joe Pasternak production which is another story of a typical American family. In the supporting cast are Robert Stack, Hugh Herbert, C. Audrey Smith, Stuart Erwin, Nan Grey, Eugene Pallette, Billy Gilbert and Butch and Buddy, the Little Tornadoes.

Pasternak believes that there is comedy, romance and drama in every family and that if it is captured realistically on the screen it is potentially ideal entertainment. His Deanna Durbin pictures have proved he is right.

In "Hullabaloo," the second picture on the bill, Frank Morgan leads as a "one man show" in a radio story that they claim is hilarious, but then Morgan always is. In it, too, are Virginia Gray, Dan Dailey, Jr., Billie Burke, Donald Meek and several others.

Beginning Sunday the great picture "Chad Hanna" from the story by Walter D. Edmonds, which ran not long ago in the *Saturday Evening Post*, comes to the screen in technicolor, starring Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour and Linda Darnell, and featuring Guy Kibbee, Jane Darwell, John Carradine, Ted North, Roscoe Ates and Ben Carter in its supporting cast. This is a vivid tent show drama of "Red Wheels Rolling," full of an earthy humor and colorful people in a wandering tent show. We thought at the time we read the story that it would make a swell movie.

Oh, yes, Shadrach, whom you saw in "Maryland" and "Tin Pan Alley," is in this, too.

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The purchase of 15 acres of redwood land near Bonneville, Mendocino county, to help compensate for recreational areas being taken over by the army for coast fortification purposes was authorized by the State Park commission, according to the Eureka office of the National Automobile Club.

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